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THE COMET.

BY PROF. H. F. LEGGOTT.

As the comet sweeps through the charless seas she
leaves a trail of fire and light, and the stars far
below her path are like the sparks of a fire.
The comet is a wanderer, and she has no home.
She comes from the north, and she goes to the south.
She comes from the east, and she goes to the west.
She comes from the sun, and she goes to the sun.
She comes from the stars, and she goes to the stars.
She comes from the earth, and she goes to the earth.
She comes from the air, and she goes to the air.
She comes from the water, and she goes to the water.
She comes from the fire, and she goes to the fire.
She comes from the earth, and she goes to the earth.
She comes from the air, and she goes to the air.
She comes from the water, and she goes to the water.
She comes from the fire, and she goes to the fire.

IRISH OPPRESSION.

BY REV. E. WENTWORTH, D. D.

It would be interesting to go
through English literature and gather
up all the references to Ireland and
Irish. They could be collected
in a volume. We give a few.
John Wesley made over thirty
trips to Ireland, studied the people
thoroughly, and read everything that
came his way pertaining to their his-
tory and condition. In 1749 he writes:
"Sixty-nine hundredths of the popu-
lation is Roman Catholic. The Pro-
testants are all transplanted from En-
gland." [Over 76 per cent. of the
population are Roman Catholics to-day.] "It is no
secret," he says, "that those who
are papists live and die such
Protestants can find no better
way to convert them than by penal
laws and acts of Parliament." In
1751 he writes: "When the English
settled in Ireland, the Irish had no bene-
fit of the English laws. They could
not sue as an Englishman." "The
Irish blacks could not testify
against a white man." "The English
plundered and murdered them at
will." Hence arose continual
bitterness between them for three hundred
years together." Describing
Irish habitations, he says: "No
one comes into the earth or straw-
bed cabin on the master and his cat-
tles except at one hole which is, at
the window, chimney and door."
Rev. George W. Pepper, of the
Ohio Conference, furnishes a
valuable personal observation, in a
volume, *Western Advocate*, on the
condition of Ireland and the Irish.
He gives the same picture of the
plagues of the Irish of to-day,
beggars and pigs, and children
dying in the same mud hole! Yet,
the cruel process of "eviction,"
of these one-room mud hovels
pulled down in twenty years ("41
1000), rendering homeless and home-
less a million of people.
Dr. Johnson, in a Boswellian con-
versation, in 1779, when reference
was made to the prospective union of
Ireland with England, blurted out
in a way to his Irish interlocutor,
"Don't make a union with us, sir;
it should only unite with you to rob
you."

Macaulay, speaking of the times of
James II, says: "Ireland was gov-
erned as a dependency won by the
sword." Again: "The 17th century
in that unhappy country, left to
the fate of a fatal heritage of malignant
poverty." "The Irish statute book
is an interlarded mass of bad
laws of the Dark Ages." "The
Irishman in that land is not persecuted
as a Roman Catholic, but oppressed
as a Irishman." Much more of the
same might be quoted from
Macaulay.
Gibbon, in his "Short History of
the English People," devotes a chap-
ter to the early history and final con-
quest of Ireland—1588 to 1610.
He says: "Had the Irish driven
the invaders into the sea, or the
English succeeded in the conquest of
Ireland, the misery of the Irish
after-history might have been
lessened." "The country was broken
up into two halves whose conflict has
not ceased." "All the lawlessness,
the narrowness of feudal
territory, unchecked in the horde

of adventurers who held the land by
the sword." Then and there were
"combined the horrors of feudal
oppression with those of Celtic anar-
chy." By the spoliation of 1610,
"two-thirds of the north of Ireland
were confiscated to the crown, and
the lands allotted to new settlers of
Scottish and English extraction."
"The evicted natives withdrew si-
lently and sullenly to the lands which
had been left them by the spoiler,
but all faith in English justice had
been torn from the minds of the
Irish, and the seed had been sown
of that fatal harvest of distrust and
disaffection, which was to be reaped
through tyranny and massacre in the
age to come."

Froude says: "We gave the feudal
system to Ireland. In Ireland, the
proprietor was an alien, with the for-
tunes of the residents upon his estates
in his hands and at his mercy. He
was divided from them in creed and
language; he despised them as an
inferior race, and acknowledged no
interest in common with them. Their
persons were free, but their farms
and houses were his. Had he been
allowed to make them slaves, he
would have cared for them, perhaps,
as he cared for his horses."

Lecky says: "Free trade, won
for Irish manufactures, made the
Irish manufacturers (who, of course,
were Protestants) fairly prosperous,
but the condition of the people at
large was wretched in the extreme.
For this, the land system, and the
land system alone, was to blame—in
other words, high rents and insecure
tenures, complaints regarding which
go echoing down our records in sad-
dening monotony, from century to
century."

D'Israeli summed up the Irish ques-
tion thus: "A starving population,
an absentee aristocracy, an alien
church, and the weakest executive in
the world. England is the cause of
all the misery of Ireland."

Prof. Blackie, of Edinburgh, says,
vigorously: "Among the many acts
of baseness, branding the English
character in their blundering pre-
tense of governing Ireland, not the
least was the practice of confiscating
the land, which, by real law, be-
longed to the people, and giving it,
not to honest, resident cultivators,
which might have been a polite sort
of theft, but to cliques of greedy and
grasping oligarchs, who did nothing
for the country they had appropriated
but suck its blood in the name of
land rent, and squander its wealth
under the name of fashion and pleasure
in London."

Lord Clare said: "No less than
7,800,000 acres of land were set out
to a motley crew of English adven-
turers, civil and military, nearly to
the total exclusion of the inhabitants
of the island; and to-day 'the de-
scendants of this motley crew raise the
cry 'sacredness of property!'
Was there no 'sacredness of prop-
erty' for the people whom their fathers
plundered?"

In "Macaulay's Life and Letters,"
by Trevelyan, there are notices of
a fortnight's tour in Ireland: "From
Limerick to Killarney, and from
Killarney to Cork, I hardly knew
whether to laugh or cry—hundreds
of dwellings in ruins, abandoned by
their late inmates who have fled to
America; the laboring people dressed
literally, not rhetorically, worse than
English scare-crows; the children
of whole villages turning out to beg
of every cart and car that goes by."

In his "Pilgrim's Wallet," Bishop
Gilbert Haven gives a similar picture
of the condition of the lower classes
of the English people: "The regular
life of the masses is deplorable.
Their dwellings are one-story, plastered
huts, thatched, with rude stone
floors, a few bits of furniture, with-
out books, papers, and a multitude
of things as essential to us Americans
as our daily bread. Thus live the
millions. The institutions of the land
are against the development of the
people." "Bayonets," says the fu-
ture bishop, "breed ideas." The Irish,
driven to the wall, have, for the hun-
dredth time, turned to bay. Their
latest proposed remedy is not bloody
revolution, in which they are sure to
be worsted, but a national strike
against rent. It will avail little in
the presence of British coercion. It
will be extermination or expatriation.
Poor Ireland! Cursed with feudal

rentage, incompetency and poverty,
she writhes, a helpless Laocoon, in
the pitiless folds of monsters that
crush her limbs, poison her circula-
tion, and suck her life away! God
pity her!

THE MORMON CITY.

BY REV. GEORGE W. WOODRUFF, D. D.

I have just given a week to Salt
Lake City, the stronghold of Mormon-
ism, and though so few days gave me
no fair opportunity to search much
into the tangled problem of Mormon-
ism itself, I obtained a fair view of the
outside of things. I had had the im-
pression that this city held pretty much
all the Mormons in the country, but I
found that I was greatly mistaken.
There are only twenty thousand of
the "Saints" in Salt Lake, while
there are more than one hundred and
fifty thousand Mormons in Utah and
in the adjacent regions. Salt Lake
City is simply their centre—a power-
ful centre, to be sure, but only a centre.
The policy of the "Latter
Day Saints" (as they prefer to be
called) is to spread themselves all
through the rural districts. This
Salt Lake City has about five thou-
sand Gentiles in addition to its twenty
thousand Saints, a good sprinkling
of whom are Jews (this being the
only place in the world where a Jew
is a Gentile).

Nevertheless, the whole place is
Mormon. An air of dreadful church-
ism stifles you. Even the liquor
shops have the Mormon look, and I
was told that one of the large drink-
ing places had the usual motto of the
church over its door, "Holiness un-
to the Lord." I saw over one im-
mense liquor shop the sign, "Life is
too short to quarrel about religion." The
city is very beautiful for situation.
It is built on a wide plateau with
charming mountain backgrounds, and,
approached from any side, makes
a lovely picture. It is only about
thirty years that these misguided
religionists have had this wilderness
in hand, and they have made it blo-
som like the rose. There is no city
in this country where the original set-
tlers have shown more intelligence
in planning for broad streets and
elegant avenues. Everything seems to
have been laid out with reference to
a future of prosperous growth. Shade
trees line every street, and aqueducts
of pure water running by the side-
walks, kept so clean and sweet that
people frequently drink from them.
Every delightful tone and character to
their highways. Dust is the only
drawback to the comfort of the city.
Dust is the curse of all these great
western cities—dust everywhere,
penetrating, aggravating dust—and
Salt Lake ranks them all in this bad
distinction.

Of course the Mormon Church has
taken the choicest spots for their spir-
itual buildings and the official and
private residences of their chief min-
isters. The "church block," a large
area in the very centre of the town,
is enclosed by a huge stone wall and
contains their great church build-
ings—the Endowment House, a
large but rather plain edifice; the
Tabernacle, one of the most remark-
able buildings on this continent; their
Winter Tabernacle, a beautiful and
spacious stone edifice; and the Tem-
ple, now in process of erection, which,
when done, will take rank with some
of the elegant public buildings in
America. It will probably cost five
millions of dollars. The Endowment
House is an unpretentious building,
the inside of which is not shown to
strangers. It is the place where they
practice the mysteries of their reli-
gion, and Mormon apostates have given
some rather hard statements con-
cerning the ridiculous, not to say
blasphemous, rites and ceremonies
which the Endowment House hides
from the Gentile world. The Taber-
nacle, they claim, will seat twelve
thousand people. It is a great open
building and not used in the winter.
The acoustic qualities of the Taberna-
cle are very remarkable. The slight-
est whisper can be heard at the very
extremities of the building; indeed,
I heard a pin drop, while I was in
the remotest pew, from the hand of
the janitor in the pulpit, who was
showing us the building; but when I
attended the service on Sabbath after-
noon a most remarkable defect in

the acoustic qualities was developed
in a distressing echo. I heard every-
thing the speaker said twice, once from
his own lips in the pulpit, and once
from what seemed to be a voice thrown
into one of the middle windows. At
that particular service the principal
speaker was the somewhat notorious
George Q. Cannon, their delegate in
Congress, who was haranguing the
people on the attempted assassination
of President Garfield; and while he
professed great detestation of the
crime, he wanted to have them regard it
in some way as a kind of governmen-
tal retribution for the murder of their
old prophet, Joseph Smith. I felt
greatly outraged at his address, and
perhaps it was my imagination that
converted the "window echo" into a
kind of satanic endorsement of Mr.
Cannon. It seemed to me during the
whole hour that Satan was at the
middle window repeating Cannon's
words to the satisfied crowd!

The singing at these Sabbath after-
noon services in the great Taberna-
cle is the most influential part of the
service. A great choir of fine voices,
led by a mighty organ, encourages
everybody to sing; and as the hymns
are all familiar, and the tunes as fa-
miliar as the hymns, the volume of
song is simply marvelous in its inspir-
ing effects. Why will any of our great
churches in this country sacrifice their
power over the people by selling out
to a few choir singers? I wish espe-
cially that American Methodism
would listen to the potential voice of
John Wesley when he said, "Let all
the people sing, and not one in ten
merely."

This great afternoon service is the
only general service the Mormons
have on Sunday. They have twenty-
one small churches scattered over the
city, one for each ward, and in the
morning Sabbath-schools are held in
each of the chapels, and in the even-
ing there are religious services of one
sort and another, presided over by
their bishops. They have twenty-one
bishops in this city, and I understand
that when our sensitive Bishop Fos-
ter visited Salt Lake he found bish-
ops so common that he became quite
disgusted with the idea of being a
bishop himself. These Mormon bish-
ops are not preachers (that is to say,
that is not their chief work; all Mor-
mons are preachers); they are rather
overseers of the people in their ward;
they look after things, they settle dis-
putes, they are kind of subordinate
judges, and as far from the ordinary
idea of a bishop as possible.

There is one thing that must al-
ways impress a stranger when he
stands in the presence of Mormon-
ism: The Mormons try to veil ev-
erything! They are not open in their
manners and statements. You never
see a Mormon parade his wives. He
never rides out or walks out with his
three or four wives. His twenty
children never follow him down to the
shops. He never sits in an evening
in his own door with half a dozen
families around him on the veranda—
nothing of that; everything is veiled.
Nor will either the men or the women
talk freely about their peculiar
institution. I met but one exception,
and he was an old man of seventy,
who rode on the train with me as I
left Salt Lake. He boasted of seven
wives and forty children and a hun-
dred grandchildren. In the midst of
this boast we passed one of those hot
sulphur springs common to Utah,
and the stifling perfume filled the
cars and made me wonder whether
our next station might not be a
place more dreadful than I would like
to mention. My heart grew sick at
his horrible boasting.

I had several interesting interviews
with Mr. Taylor, the president of the
church, and with other leading men
of Mormonism, and was treated very
courteously by them all. The Mor-
mon leaders are shrewd men, but I
came away from Salt Lake City feel-
ing that I had seen the religious won-
derosity of this age and the wretched
ulcer of our republic. I believe that
many of the Mormon people are sin-
cere, good people; that especially the
women of Mormonism are conscien-
tiously deluded. I saw it in their vac-
ant, sad faces. There are no bright,
handsome Mormon women seen on
the streets or in the great public ser-
vices. They all look anxious and
worn. I am not wise enough to say

what the Government ought to do.
We must be careful not to make mar-
tyrs of the Mormons; they thrive on
martyrdom; but we must protect this
nation against polygamy. We must
make these hundred and fifty thou-
sand people respect the American
idea of marriage. Of course it would
be a treason to morality ever to ad-
mit Utah as a State until she is en-
tirely free of this crime, and I am
also certain that the laws of the Ter-
ritory should be rigorously adminis-
tered against polygamy. Polygamic
Mormonism has its root in sin, and
no religious pretense should protect
it.

LEAVING THE CHURCHES.

BY REV. J. W. HAMILTON.

I am neither an alarmist nor a la-
menter. But during the month of Au-
gust, which I have spent thus far in Bos-
ton, my attention has been called to a
state of affairs in no sense creditable
to the work of the Christian Church in
this great city. My eyes have been opened
to certain grave and irrefutable truth-
fulness, threatening to the standing and usefulness
of both the Church and her minis-
ters; and I am satisfied we are face to
face with the problem which challenges
the thought and faith and work of the
Church for the remainder of the century.

When the discussion relative to reach-
ing the masses was on, a few years
ago, we apologized to one another and
to our own consciences for the empty
churches in the very heart of the city
by simply saying that the people had
moved away, had gone into the suburbs
or other parts of the city, and our
churches, to be patronized, must follow
them. We didn't believe it when we
said it, for we saw the very territory
from which our people had removed
fill up with greater numbers than were
there before. But then they were *for-
eigners*. That was enough to let the
conscience off easily. When sick per-
sons can't sleep naturally they take to
drugs. So we dragged on the fact that
the supplanting population was Roman
Catholic or something else too bad for
us "to have anything to do with."

But this later trouble is among our
own people—the very reserve forces of
the church itself. There are more than
two hundred churches in Boston. Pos-
sibly one-fourth of them advertise their
services in the Saturday papers. Dur-
ing the months of July and August, a
great change comes over the face of their
work. Many members go to the mount-
ains, seashore, or other country homes;
but never one-third of the patrons of
the churches go away at one and the
same time. Never one-tenth of the
great outside people—for whom the
churches quite as much purpose to em-
ploy their labors—leave with concerted
movement.

Besides, the people who remain at
home are the less favored and poorer
classes; and instead of diminished, they
have increased, demands upon the min-
istry of the churches. More persons
sicken and die during the summer sea-
son than during any other period of the
year; more accidents fill up our hospi-
tals with the mutilated and mortally
wounded; and there is no season of the
year when there are more visitors in
Boston, who would cheerfully visit our
churches if there were inducements to
go; but, as it is, they content themselves
with looking on the outside, and asking
where our great men are gone.

Nevertheless, the few arrange for the
many—the people who are abroad for
the people who are at home. Ministers
are voted their vacations. I do not say
this is not as it should be. I am not to
be taken in my own snare, as the brother
layman in Washington was during the
last summer, who assailed the preach-
ers, in one of our church periodicals,
for leaving their work when they were
paid for a full year's time, and it was
shown that he had been doing a similar
thing himself for a number of consecu-
tive years, at the expense of the gov-
ernment. I am preaching now; the
practice will come by and by. Churches
are closed, or three-fourths of the ser-
vices are stopped. Sunday-schools are
dismissed. Afternoon preaching is all
abandoned. Evening meetings are
"divided to the shortest space" and
grown

"Duller than the fat woad
That roots itself in ease on Lethe wharf."
"Supplies" are sought for the pulpits
who only cost five dollars a Sunday;
choirs are trying to take an honest
penny by singing at the summer resorts;
and the congregations of from two to
six churches are gathered in a single
one, with the here-and-there places so
bare of worshippers that the minister
looks "a king of shreds and patches."
I am not trifling. I can give particu-
lars. From my windows I can count forty
churches, not a single pastor of which is
at home. The Saturday papers make no
announcement of preaching anywhere in
the afternoon except by the Spiritualists,
or Land Leaguers. The indifference
felt by the authorities who are away as
to supplies put in the preachers' places,
is evidenced by the fact that a prominent
Methodist Church in this city would not
make any appropriation for this purpose,

and insisted on closing the church for a
month; but one of the class-meeting-
attending brothers asked the poor priv-
ilege of having the church left open, and
he would try, himself, to get preachers
to fill the pulpit. I can see a dozen
churches from my door which are closed.
One of them put a sign over the entrance,
which reads, "No services or Sunday-
school in this house during the hot sea-
son." Some one, after reading the sign,
has gone around to the side entrance and
drawn, in colored chalk marks, a picture,
life size and in full costume, of his ma-
jesty the devil, horns, hoofs and all, on
the door, with the inscription under-
neath, "It is not too hot here for me." I
visited one of the large churches, last
Sunday, which ordinarily reports an at-
tendance of eight hundred or a thousand
persons. They were served by a "sup-
ply," at an unusual hour, and certainly
there were not one hundred persons
present. These "supplies" preach on
the Sabbath, and then they are gone;
but week before last there were two hun-
dred and thirty deaths in Boston, and
last week about two hundred and twen-
ty. The camp-meetings were in session,
and I found I was the only Methodist
pastor in Boston. I had two, three and
four funerals a day, and in every in-
stance the persons buried were strangers
to me. In some instances I could not
reach all of them, even when doing
without my dinner. I have heard of
several burials where no minister could
be found. The papers this week an-
nounced that there were no ministers in
Taunton, and two funerals were waiting
for clergymen who had been telegraphed
to attend them, but who were delayed in
getting there. "My brethren, these
things ought not so to be."

I know the apologies which are offered
for this state of affairs. I am not ex-
cluding myself nor my congregation
from complicity in the whole matter.
But the excuse that the people are away,
is *factless*. Business goes on as usual.
The camp-meetings are not crowded
with city people. Several of them have
been compelled, by the votes of preach-
ers' meetings and Conferences, to close
on the only day when great crowds of
people were there. One of the associa-
tions, near Boston, which had been thus
induced, the present year, to close on
Saturday, had a resolution offered in the
annual meeting, saying, "Whereas, this
camp-meeting has been a financial and
moral failure, therefore resolved that
next year we hold over the Sunday."

The fact is apparent: The people are
leaving the churches, and we, ministers
and churches, are putting a premium on
the practice. Churches closed at home,
camp-meetings closed away from home,
where are the people to go except to the
summer gardens, down the harbor, or on
other excursions along the seashore
and into the mountains? Said a worldly
man to me, the other day, "You men
only run the churches when it pays to
run them; they are not run for the con-
venience and need of the people any
longer."

There is a growing feeling that minis-
ters, like physicians and undertakers,
are only public functionaries. The peo-
ple now estimate what it will cost to get
a minister to attend a funeral just as
much as to get the carriages. Of course
ministers don't make a price, but then
"it's so much trouble," and they
"have to put themselves out" so much,
that the people feel called on to slip
them a fee, just as they would at a mar-
riage. This is not wholesome. There
is a danger that we are losing our com-
mission, and instead of going "into all
the world," we are waiting for the peo-
ple to come to us—for the mountain to
come to Mahomet. The people are
growing dissatisfied with the churches
and ministers, and are going off alone.
Hundreds of church people never look
into a church while they are away, from
May to September. "E'en Sunday shines
no Sabbath day." Remember, brethren,
the story of Eglon: "He was sitting in a
summer parlor which he had for him-
self alone."

It is evident, then, what conspires to
bring about this condition of things. The
cure is painfully evident. It demands
alopathic treatment. We have too long
been trying *similia similibus curantur*. It
will be remembered that,

"Diseases, desperate grown,
By desperate appliance are relieved,
Or not at all."

Among our Books.

[From WOOD MAGIC: A FABLE. By Richard
Jeffries. Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co.]
"All day long the miserable Weasel lay on
the floor of his prison, driven every now
and then to gnaw his tail till he squeaked with
the pain. The only thing that kept him from
despair was the hope of the revenge he would
have, if ever he did get out, on those who had
laid the trap for him. For hours he lay in
sensible, and only woke up when the Rat
looked down the chimney and asked him, with a
jolly chuckle, how his tail tasted, and then
went off without waiting for an answer. Then
the Cricket came again, and taking not the
least notice of the prisoner, sang all night."
"In the morning the Weasel looked up,
and saw that the chink had really opened. He
crawled to it; he was so faint he could not
walk, so he had to crawl over the floor, which
was all red with his own blood. The fungus,
which he had seen green things, like a very
large and unwholesome mushroom, was grow-
ing fast, so fast he could see it move, and
very slowly it showed and lifted up the stone.
The chink was now so far open that in his

thin, emaciated state, the Weasel could
have got through; but he was so weak he
could not climb up. He called to the Rat,
and the Rat came and tried to reach him, but
it was just a little too far down.

"If I only had something to drink," said
the Weasel, "only one drop of water, I think
I could do it, but I am faint from thirst."
"Off ran the Rat to see what he could do, and
as he passed the tub where Pan lived he saw
a bowl of water just pumped for the spav-
el. The bowl was of wood with a projecting
handle—not a ring to put the fingers through,
but merely a short straight handle. He went
round to the other side of the tub in which
Pan was dozing and began to scratch. Di-
rectly Pan heard the scratching:—

"Ho! ho!" said he, "that's that abomi-
nable Rat that steals my food," and he darted
out, and in his tremendous hurry his chain
caught the handle of the bowl, just as the
Rat had hoped it would. Over went the bowl
and all the water was spilt, but the Rat, the
instant he heard Pan coming, had slipped
away back to the Weasel.

"When Pan was tired of looking where he
had heard the scratching, he went back to
take a nap, but found the bowl upset, and that
all run down the drain. As he
was very thirsty after gnawing a salt bacon-
bone, he set up a barking, and the dairy-maid
ran out, thinking it was a beggar, and began
to abuse him for being so clumsy as to knock
over his bowl. Pan harked all the louder, so
she hit him with the handle of her broom,
and he went howling into his tub. He vowed
vengeance against the Rat, but that did not
satisfy his thirst.

"Meantime the water had run along the
drain, and though the fungus greedily sucked
up most of it, the Weasel had a good drink.
After that he felt better, and he climbed up
the chink, squeezing through and dragging
his raw tail behind him, till he nearly reached
the top. But there it was still a little tight,
and he could not manage to push through, not
having strength enough left. He felt himself
slipping back again, and called on the Rat to
save him. The Rat without ceremony leant
down the chink, and caught hold of his ear
with his teeth, and snipped it so tight he lit
it right through, and he dragged the Weasel
out.

"There he lay a long time half dead
and exhausted, under a dock leaf which hid him
from view. The Rat began to think that the
Weasel would die after all, so he came and
said, 'Wake up, coward, and come with me
into the cart-house, there is a very nice warm
hole there, and I will tell you something; if
you stay here very likely the Bailiff may see
you, and if Pan should be let loose he will
snuff you out in a second.' So the Weasel,
with very great difficulty, dragged himself
into the cart-house, and found shelter in the
hole."

From our Exchanges.

THE METHODS AND FUTURE OF METH-
ODISM.

Methodists may be said to work their souls
salvation precisely as they and all pre-
sent men of the world work at a trade and in
retorting their secular fortunes. This truly Sax-
on sobriety has kept them out of false lib-
eralism, out of many false aspirations, out of
much curious speculation. And yet it has
given them the love-feast, the watch-meeting,
—a modern vigil—the class-meeting, which
is to Methodism what the town-meeting is to
the American Constitution, the itinerant
preacher, the circuit, the elders, the bishops,
the conference. And the conference may be
said to be the chief corner-stone of Method-
ism, while Methodism itself is really a reli-
gion of the heart well regulated by authority
and discipline. That such a church has be-
come powerful, is not mysterious; for Meth-
odists know how to prevent waste, how to
economize, how to save. And that the ecu-
menical council of such a church will not
meet for parade, or for doctrinal subtleties, or
for mere emotion, is to be taken for granted.
The church was born when the Anglican
church and English dissent were at their
worst. It has been marvelously faithful to
its mission, and it will have a truly enviable
mission in this world as long as the human
breast is glowing with "a desire to flee from
the wrath to come." — *Boston Advertiser*.

THE WAVING OF SUMMER.

Even when the glory of summer is at its
divinest effluence of luxuriant splendor, there
are subtle hints of the coming days when ful-
fillment shall succeed labor, when the air
shall be burdened with the sweetest aroma of
the vineyard, and far and wide hills and dales
shall be clad in festal robes. Now the slopes
of mountain and valley, and the whispering
galleries of the woods, are gorgeous in the
deepest green. Erelong the choried coloring
of sepia, amber, scarlet, crimson, yellow,
brown, purple, and every rainbow hue and
tint in Nature's laboratory, will be clothing
river-banks and roadsides with the superlatives
of beauty. A deep red plume of sumac,
a fluttering cloud of butterflies, a dash of
sunflower-cheeriness beside a farm-house, a
tangle of blackberry vines turning scarlet over
a moss-grown wall, a glimmer of golden-rod,
and we know that the passing bell is striking
for summer. The days are growing shorter.
The evenings are chillier. The nights are
cooler towards morning. The dew lies heav-
ier on the grass. The cloud-scenery is finer,
grander in masses of effluence, cumulative and
heavy. The winds make merrier jubilee.
The flowers of the field are spicier in scent
and more pronounced in tone. The summer
is on the wane. — *MARGARET SANSTER, in
Christian Intelligencer*.

LINES BY THE LATE DEAN STANLEY.

"Till death us part."
So speaks the heart.
When each to each repeats the words of
doom:
Thro' blessing and thro' curse,
For better and for worse,
We will be one, till that dread hour shall
come.
Life, with its myriad grasp,
Our yearning souls shall clasp,
By ceaseless love, and still expectant wonder;
In bonds that shall endure,
Indissolubly sure,
Till God in death shall part our paths asun-
der.
Till death us join.
O voice yet more divine!
That to the broken heart breathes hope sub-
lime:
Thro' lonely hours
And shattered powers
We still are one, despite of change and time.
Death, with his healing hand,
Shall once more knit the band
Which needs but that one link which none
may sever;
Till, thro' the Only Good,
Heard, felt, and understood,
Our life in God shall make us one forever.
— *Spectator*.

Miscellaneous.

CHAUTAUQUA, ITS TENDENCIES AND CLOSE.

BY MISS M. E. WINSLOW.

The reported unfavorable condition of the President threw somewhat of a gloom over the last week of the great Assembly, albeit expressions of glad thanksgiving marked the close. Chautauqua hearts have felt a special proprietorship in our President because of his pleasant visit to the assembly last year, and the timely words he then spoke in favor of popular education. There was also the indefinable sadness of the nearing end, as coming events cast their shadows before in the departure of the professors, one after the other, as their work was over. Nevertheless, the "last week" presented some of the finest exhibitions of oratory, the most helpful essays, the most useful new developments and enjoyable recreations of the whole season.

Wednesday morning was devoted to examinations, 116 little ones attempting to answer the questions in the primary class. There were between fifty and sixty "intermediates," and 110 aspirants for the name of "alumni." The results, of course, are not known as yet. They are probably more satisfactory than in past years, as each class having been under the instruction of one competent teacher, the course has of necessity been more systematic. On Wednesday afternoon, Prof. Churchill, of Andover, Mass., gave a series of public elocutionary readings. The elocution classes have been such a success that, although the Professor received a large sum for his services, the Association is said to have realized well on its investment. Wednesday night there was the annual campfire of the C. L. S. C. It was enjoyable enough, and Prof. Sherwin's little speech was brilliant, but those who were present last year were disappointed. Some things cannot be reproduced.

Thursday morning the children had their closing meeting in the amphitheatre. A prettier sight could hardly be imagined. Frank Beard reproduced all the characters and animals which he had drawn upon the blackboard in previous lectures, in ludicrous attitudes of saying "good-by," and the little folks, after being allowed to make all the noise they liked, were quieted down and dismissed with a parting prayer and a benediction. Immediately after this, Dr. J. H. Vincent explained his plan for a new society called "Chautauqua Young Folks' Reading Union," akin in its nature to the C. L. S. C., intended to provide and secure a uniform course of reading for little folks in the interims of the play, which the speaker insisted upon as essential to the proper development of the young "animal." Mr. Gough delivered his familiar lecture on "Peculiar People," with such force, pathos, and inimitable humor as to keep the great audience (the last enormous one) in alternate smiles and tears for almost two hours. We are all familiar with the powers of mimicry and pathos of this veteran orator, but for the grandeur of thought and suggested possibilities of self-sacrifice, the writer at least was quite unprepared. Thursday afternoon the School of Languages closed its six weeks' session. It has had about 150 scholars in all the languages—French and German being the most popular. The closing exercises were very interesting. There were speeches from the various professors, and a valedictory from Dr. Vincent; while Prof. Spring, who has been giving lessons in the art of clay-modeling, moulded a human head in presence of the audience. At night there was a campfire, with accompanying speeches in German, to which only members of the school were admitted. The Phi Kappa Psi and Phi Gamma Delta societies also held their anniversary exercises on Thursday afternoon and evening. A. A. Willetts, D. D., spoke in the afternoon on "Sunshine." At night the speaker was Professor J. Clarke Ridpath, D. D., of Greencastle, Indiana.

Friday was the last day of real work, and it was packed very full of good things. The early lecture by Rev. W. H. Withrow, of Canada, on the "Catacombs of Rome," brought one face to face with the Christian life, death and thought of the infancy of the church. Dr. Vincent followed with a searching talk called "Week-day Work of the Sunday-school," but closing with an earnest appeal to all Christians to care for the young left to their own devices in great cities.

Dr. Sims' fine lecture on "Special Providences" was the great event of the day. The speaker is the newly-elected Chancellor of Syracuse University, of fine presence and pleasing as well as eloquent address. He considered special providences not as "special petting," nor yet as miracu-

lous interposition, but as the overruling paternal care that makes all things work together to the glory of God and for the benefit of them that love Him.

In the afternoon Prof. Townsend gave his lecture on the goodness and severity of God, handling the much vexed question of eternal punishment in a way, one would suppose, to reconcile all differences of opinion; at any rate, it seemed to satisfy a Chautauqua audience, many of whom were moved to tears.

Friday afternoon also witnessed the closing session of the C. L. S. C. Round Table, when quite a large number of members gathered in the Hall and discussed a plan of intermediate reading for those not sufficiently mature to take hold of the curriculum, which for this year is somewhat advanced.

There are those among us, good Christian people, many of them leaders in the so-called "higher life" party, who would exclude all secular learning, all further study of science, literature and art from the pursuit of those who would be "wholly the Lord's." To such of these as are not actuated by incorrigible mental laziness, we recommend a visit to Chautauqua and a thorough examination of the principles and workings of the C. L. S. C. They will leave with the conviction that it is possible to do all things—studying as well as eating and drinking—to the glory of God.

On Friday night there was a competitive exhibition of fireworks on two steamers, called a "naval battle." As usual on such occasions, the crowd upon the lake-shore was immense.

Saturday was the last gala day, but was commenced with two serious lectures—the last of Dr. Townsend's theological course, on "The Atonement," and "Religion and Liberty," by Rev. F. S. Seovel, of Pittsburgh, Penn. There was a grand concert by Professor Sherwin's chorus—not quite so full as it was—Signor Vitale assisting on the violin and P. J. Jersey on the cornet.

After dinner the annual procession of instructors, classes, societies and children marched about the grounds between the gaily-decorated cottages, public buildings and hotels. Later, Frank Beard delivered an amusing lecture on a new society founded by himself and called the I. C. U. R. The cabalistic letters have no significance, and the founder is head, subordinate and members, of the society in his own person. The "Jubilee" gave a grand concert at night, which was finished up with a children's bonfire and balloons.

Sunday was one of Chautauqua's usual restful and orderly Sabbaths, in spite of the number of people gathered and the quick succession of services. The Sunday-school was in three divisions, as usual. The morning sermon was by Rev. Dr. Cushing, of Bradford, Penn. Mr. Gough delivered "a layman's sermon" in the afternoon, very eloquent and impressive, and at night there was a Chautauqua evening service led by Dr. J. H. Vincent. This morning the Assembly broke up with a closing service, brief, bright addresses, hymns, and a benediction.

As a review of the whole Assembly, one might say with strict impartiality that it has been a success, in spite of the absence of many who have been wont to contribute to its efficiency—Ostrander, Holmes, Worden, Buckley, Curry and the like, who are now across the water. The educational departments are increasing in power, and spreading their influence wider and wider. The Sunday-school nucleus of the whole is not neglected; indeed, it seems to the writer as though it were less overshadowed by the recreation element, and outshone by the intellectual stars, than last year. The Art department, an entirely new feature, has been inaugurated this summer. Frank Beard, who has risen from an amuser of children to the dignity of a professor of art, has had two art classes daily, and Professor Corning, with his lectures and stereoscopic illustrations, has made all who cared to attend (and they were multitudes) familiar with the "Master-pieces of the Ages," which was the subject of his last lecture on Friday night. The new Archaeological Museum, with its nucleus of curiosities, books and engravings, forms a connecting link between art and the church of Christ. In music, while the absence of a band has disappointed many of the pleasure-seekers who go to Chautauqua merely to "have a good time," and the work and responsibility have fallen heavily upon Professor Sherwin who carried it alone, those who in the commencement joined his Musical College, found in its two daily drills sound musical culture, and the many concerts gave real pleasure to the audience. The "Jubilee Singers," who

have been here all through, of course are always rapturously received.

To sum up the lessons of Chautauqua, we may say, that it gives the lie to some people who claim a peculiar sanctity for ignorance, and shows not only that religion and culture are compatible, but also that true culture, founded on God's Word, guided by His Spirit, and made subservient to the development of His ideal, is the highest expression of religion and an embodiment of the Apostle's thought—"This one thing I do."

THE CHILD ON THE VINEYARD.

BY REV. S. W. COGGESHALL, D.D.

One of the most prominent and distinguished features of Cottage City is its child life. We have here, in the season, a large number of children of both sexes and of all ages; and they go in for the comforts and pleasures of our city by the sea with a "perfect rush."

Infants, as they are wheeled along in their little carriages, have an air of intense satisfaction, and their brilliant and sparkling eyes seem to take in the whole situation at a glance. Others, from two years old and upwards, as they are led by the hand, or saunter leisurely alone, have an air of the same huge satisfaction. Others, in groups, run and jump and halloo with the most perfect freedom; while some more enterprising youngsters rush by on bicycles, with an occasional capsize. The whole scene is exhilarating.

Children here, especially the weak and the sickly, stand a much better chance for health and recuperation than at Newport; unless, in the possession of wealth, they can command a place on Bellevue Avenue or some similar situation. Our climate is as good as that of Newport, with less of fog and dampness and more of sunshine. How much better such a place as this for these precious juvenile lives, with their vast possibilities, than the paved walks and streets of the cities, "stived up" between lofty brick or stone walls, with the dust and heat and noise of a crowded population. The moral safety of Cottage City may also be taken into consideration. We have no grog-shops, tempting to ruin, as in some noted places. Vice may be here, as elsewhere; but it is not tolerated, it is not seen.

The cost, also, may be taken into the account. Children committed to the care of our brethren Dias or Wesley, who keep excellent houses at very moderate charges, would cost scarcely more than the doctor's bill in the city. Sisters Dias and Wesley would have a motherly care of them. The season here actually lasts till the middle of October.

And having said a word respecting the beautiful children who throng our shaded avenues, I may add also a word respecting some persons related to them. In my late residence on Rhode Island, as I looked upon the ladies in the splendid turn-outs, with their liveried drivers and footmen, which appear on Thames Street, Newport, I thought that they were among the handsomest women on earth. But women, almost every day, pass my door on Clinton Avenue, who are equally so, and whose queenly forms are some of the finest I have seen in sixty years.

Cottage City, Aug. 29.

Correspondence.

FROM NORTHPORT.

Simply to say that Northport is a beautiful place, is to make a very tame statement, and yet this is just what it is. Yesterday, as I sat on the piazza of our cottage, and looked away over the bay, with its fifty sail in sight, and to the hills and villages beyond, and felt the soft sea breeze upon my cheek—but this is getting too sentimental, and I will not finish the sentence. Suffice it to say, that I sat there and saw and felt all I have said. For three weeks the air has been the purest of the pure, and no dense fog to trouble us.

A wave from Chautauqua, that famous lake, 1,300 feet above our level, has rolled down and struck us. A local circle of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle has been organized, with Miss Annie C. Beale, of South Vassalboro, Me., as secretary. Write to her if you wish to join. Northport has every advantage for becoming the Chautauqua of the great Down East.

During the past week a glorious camp-meeting has been in session. With the exception of two grand sermons by Brother Bates, of Boston, and one by Brother Cunningham, of India, the preaching was by members of the East Maine Conference, and was very excellent. I listened to every sermon with intense interest. I had some idea of attending a theological school, but doubt if I need to now. I believe I have learned more from these brethren of East Maine about preaching than I could have learned in any other way. A more earnest and eloquent class of men I never met. So far as I can judge, the only thing they lack of entire sanctification is a little more zeal for the freedmen. Looking at the minutes, I find that the Freedmen's Aid Society collection for last year was only \$177, a gain of only \$17 over the year previous. I very much doubt if the whole State of Maine has averaged enough to support a single first-class teacher in the Southern work. Some of the preachers plead the poverty of their people, but when I pointed to the scores of nice cottages, built chiefly by men within their reach simply for a few weeks of summer residence, in far better style and more comfortable than the average Southern home, the most of them acknowledged that the preachers might get better collections if they would.

Maine is going to have a great revival

soon. I can feel it in the air. The fact is, it must have. What would the world do if Maine should cease to furnish Christian men to run it? And yet it is generally admitted that the condition of the young of the present day is very deplorable. They are neglecting the church and wandering away from God. But they will come back; they must come back.

Northport may yet become the great summer resort of Maine. It has all the advantages of the sea-shore—splendid boating, fishing and bathing; and at the same time it is away back in the country far from the busy cares of the world. Five minutes' walk from the shore takes us out among the hills and into beautiful groves. The scenery is grand and lovely. God made it on purpose for man to enjoy; nature affords every opportunity for the recreation of the body; the camp-meetings; a little choicest spiritual blessings; a little stimulus to a higher and purer mental culture would make the place perfection.

R. E. BISBEE.

FROM WASHINGTON.

Washington, usually lively and gay, has been a dull city for two months, and the interest and excitement at times have been painful. The condition of the President has been very changeable, and his state invariably regulated the spirits of the people. Every one felt cheerful and happy when his case looked hopeful, but the very reverse when he was ill. The cabinet have been mostly on hand, few caring to go on vacation, or even to leave the city.

Washington has about sixteen churches, some very fine and prosperous, and others very poor and struggling along. A number are burdened with debt, and noble efforts have been put forth to meet financial emergencies. Metropolitan Church is struggling on, and it is to be hoped that the \$40,000 debt may soon be paid, the congregation having complied with the conditions of the bishops in raising \$15,000 of that sum. The spire of the church is the finest and tallest in the city, and it is the only church that has a set of chimneys, which are very superior. During a recent storm it was feared that the spire had been shaken as it was once before. The city authorities undertook to determine its safety, and the result is not satisfactory yet. This "Kelso spire" was the gift of the late Thomas Kelso, of Baltimore, who was a great admirer and friend of Dr. and Mrs. J. P. Newman.

Our city churches are never well attended in summer, and this season has not been an exception. It is safe to say there are few cities in the land where churches have greater struggles in summer than this. A large percentage of members are generally government clerks, and these are always liable to change. Hence this is a city of fluctuations and changes like no other in America, and the churches feel it very much. As the fall and winter approach, the churches will assume a more assured and hopeful appearance. As yet no revival meetings have commenced here, although the season is at hand when such efforts are made.

There has not been a genuine revival here for some time—a revival of any note, in fact, since Rev. Thomas Harrison held meetings at the Foundry. A camp-meeting was held for two weeks at Washington Grove, representing the churches of the city, and closed last week. It was not as large as on former years, although in other respects it was a success, and a number professed conversion. One difficulty with camp-meetings here, and all over Maryland, is the running of excursion trains on Sunday, when the worst classes take advantage of a cheap trip, and crowds of godless persons make the Sabbath a day of amusement and pleasure. Many Christian men have ceased to attend camp-meetings on this account, and others consider them not a necessity now as in former days.

Last week the well-known banker, G. W. Riggs, of this city, died, in his seventieth year. Mr. Riggs was well and favorably known here, and had been for many years a member of the Episcopal Church. His wife, who died some years ago, was a strict Roman Catholic, and all the children were brought up in that faith. Some time ago, Mr. Riggs embraced the Roman faith, and died in it, and was buried with imposing ceremony and display. The nuns, sisters of charity, and hundreds of orphan children were present at the funeral. Mr. John Elliott, the Methodist banker of New York, connected with the Riggs & Co. banking firm, was present at the funeral, and was one of the pall-bearers.

In a former letter reference was made to a split in one of the churches here last spring, as the pastor appointed did not please some men. The seceding element was pretty well off, and determined to start a free Methodist church. This was done, and a church is in process of erection, to cost about \$12,000. The pastor is Rev. W. W. Hicks, and he no longer call themselves free Methodists; they call the church the "Tabernacle," and they will be a sort of Congregationalists. The pastor is a Methodist preacher and a member of the Florida Conference.

In connection with Baltimore city three camp-meetings have been held, one at Summit Grove, which was large and very successful, and resulted in about fifty conversions. The Wesley Grove camp, near Baltimore, was held in connection with Southern Methodism, and was also very successful. It is said that the camp-meetings held for ten years by this branch of Methodism at this place have resulted in 800 conversions. A new departure worth noticing took place in this Southern Methodist camp. Bishop Wayman, a colored man, was invited to preach for them, and he did, and the sermon produced powerful and blessed results. Fifteen years ago, a minister invited this same Bishop to the preachers' stand, and it gave dreadful offense. Bishop Wayman preached also at Summit Grove this year, and made a fine impression. The other camp-meeting was

held at Jackson's Grove, under the auspices of the Methodist Protestant Church, and was the means of accomplishing much good. Still, it is to be regretted that at all these camps there was too much running of Sunday trains.

No camp-meeting was held at Emory Grove this year, nor is it likely that any may be held in the future. The grounds were sold by auction and secured to the church a few months ago by four leading men in Baltimore; but there were hanging debts and other difficulties that could not be met. For years it was a flourishing camp-ground, and many thousands of dollars were spent in improving it. Those who used to tent there—and they were the leading Methodists of Baltimore—have generally gone to Ocean Grove this year.

The colored Methodists of Baltimore have purchased Strawbridge M. E. Church for \$22,000, and paid for it. The Strawbridge congregation are building a new church in a better locality, the corner-stone of which was laid last week, Bishop Andrews of this city and others taking part. Emory M. E. Church in Baltimore has also been sold to another colored congregation for \$15,000. The Independent Methodists are building a new church there called "Epworth," to cost \$30,000. Rev. W. B. Wilbur has left the M. E. Church, South, and become its pastor.

The new Century Biblical Institute is to open this week, and its hopes and prospects are very bright. David Carroll, father of Rev. D. H. Carroll, of the Baltimore Conference, died a few weeks ago. He was very rich, and an extensive manufacturer of cotton duck.

R. R.

W. C. T. UNION WORK IN MASSACHUSETTS.

Up two flights of stairs in the Wesleyan Building on Bromfield Street, then turning to the left you come to No. 13-12—"Knock, knock, knock!" There is a hospitable "Come in," that welcomes you, and you enter. It is a pleasant, cozy room with its chairs and writing-desks, and it suggests a retreat for some hour of literary leisure; but it is plainly meant and steadily used for work. Hot weather melts, but busy hands and shrewd heads are still at work; cold weather freezes, and yet "they" are at it. This is the headquarters of the Massachusetts Branch of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, a big axle that carries a big wheel, the spokes reaching out into every part of the State. The general State work is here planned and supervised, the local city union having its headquarters in Odd Fellows' Building. The Union is not a body simply; it is an army. It has veteran officers to lead it. Mrs. Mary Livermore is its commander-in-chief, an army in one, and such ladies as Mrs. Barrett, the secretary, that skilled organizer, and Mrs. McCoy, the treasurer, with her practical energy, assist in official management. The work of the Union is no holiday diversion. Every year means a campaign. There are now 170 unions in Massachusetts, numbering 11,000 members. This year twelve new unions have been organized, and over forty conventions held. Plymouth County has been almost wholly captured, as the towns without a union count only four. There will be a woman's flag over each of these four towns, we venture to assert, as the women have the old Cromwell spirit—prayer and no surrender. If anybody is resisting, they had better cry "quarter."

We inquired about their mode of procedure in organizing. A man might fortify himself with a folio of directions. The ladies' method is very simple. Do you see that bell tipping like an old cocked hat up in the belfry of the Town Hall or "meeting-house"? That is to call together the ladies of the town who have been invited to meet. We have heard it said that the next step was taken by the Boston ladies who go to the meeting-house and "talk it into them and organize them!" Talk it into them! That lance, a woman's tongue, coming at you! Who would not give over? If we were the toughest old toper in the world we would have our flag and sign the pledge in two minutes. But these persons who are organized are not toppers. They are Christian temperance women. Banded together in a simple organization, these local bodies go to work immediately. They hold meetings and try to shape public sentiment. They circulate the pledge. They secure the children in the Sunday-schools. In Malden, 3,000 have been pledged through the Union.

The ladies aim to secure the introduction of some text-books upon the subject of temperance into the public schools, asserting with fitness that the proper indoctrinating of the child is the best way to secure a wholesome manhood and womanhood. Natick is one of the towns in the State where it is reputed that there is the occasional and healthy administration of doses of instruction about the true nature of alcohol. The ladies assert that in some towns it is their special influence securing a temperance result on election day, and point with satisfaction to the fact that so many of the towns voting under the new plan of local option were "no license." The ladies are now anxious to secure an amendment to the Constitution prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating beverages, a la Kansas. They are already casting their guns for a vigorous campaign on the State House. Mrs. McLaughlin, who lectures under the auspices of the Union, though not salaried by it, otherwise receiving compensation, and who has, with persuasive eloquence, spoken over a hundred times the past year, will advocate the constitutional amendment the coming season.

We asked what amount the ladies spent in their State temperance work. "We spend about \$4,000 a year," was Mrs. Barrett's reply. "I don't know where it comes from." But the rolls of supply come from many fountains. There is the "contribution box," and then a big fair in Horticultural Hall is coming off in November. So woman's work goes on. Wendell Phillips, speaking at the centennial of the Harvard Phi Beta Kappa, and swinging an axe that always has a clean, sharp blade, said of our great fight with intemperance, "If in this critical battle for universal suffrage—our fathers' noblest legacy to us, and the greatest trust God leaves in

our hands—there be any weapon which, once taken from the armory, will make us victorious, it will be, as it has been in literature and society, summoning woman into the political arena."

—Boston Journal.

EDUCATIONAL.

There are sixty-four college secret societies in this country, 487 chapters and a membership of 65,256. The societies have thirty-five chapter-houses, the most expensive of which cost \$40,000.

In the primary schools of Lancaster, Penn., writing has been introduced in the first and second divisions, geography is used as a reading-book, and oral instruction is given.

The authorities of Victoria University at Manchester, England, have decided not to insist upon classical knowledge, except for the ordinary degrees in arts, and have made divers new regulations for degrees in science and law.

At the Commencement of Dickinson College, a committee was appointed to devise plans for the proper celebration of the centenary of the college in 1883. It is intended to build a new scientific building, repair the present edifices and enlarge the endowment.

Two Italian girl students, the Signorina Carolina Magistrelli of Mantua and the Signorina Evangelina Bottero of Aculi, who had previously passed with great distinction examinations in Greek, Latin and Italian literature in the Roman University, have taken doctors' degrees in the natural sciences.

The French government has organized a commission to cultivate the sense of beauty in the young. Its president proposes to erect school buildings at once elegant and appropriate, to decorate the larger colleges with beautiful friezes, and to ornament the bedrooms of the boys with tapestries and heliogravures of the best masters.

Our Book Table.

The Orange Judd Company, New York, issue a new, rewritten and enlarged edition of THE SMALL FRUIT CULTIVATOR, by Andrew S. Fuller. The first edition of this work was written fourteen years ago, since which period the progress in small fruit culture in this country has been very great. The author says, in the preface: "My principal object in experimenting with small fruits, and giving the results to the public in a book, was to make these fruits more plentiful than formerly, and, if possible, to encourage their cultivation, and they should be produced in such abundance that even the poor of our cities might be able to obtain what had been long considered a luxury for the rich only." The book is published in an attractive form, with numerous fine illustrations—a practical helper for the horticulturist and small-fruit grower. Price \$1.50. For sale by A. Williams & Co., Boston.

From the same publishers we have received THE SADDLE, a complete guide for riding and training, by W. H. Ingham. Price \$1.00. For sale as above. This little manual will be very useful to any owner or lover of that noble animal, the horse. Among the important topics treated are: "How to Use a Horse," "In the Saddle," "Bits and Biting," "Horse Gymnastics," "Vices, Tricks and Faults," "Early Education of the Horse," "When Ladies Ride," etc.

WHERE THE OLD AND NEW TESTAMENTS DIFFER. The Actual Changes in the Authorized and Revised New Testament. Printed in Parallel Columns. Price 75 cents. New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Co. The object of the publication of this convenient and timely little book is to show at a glance the actual differences between the authorized and the revised versions of the New Testament. Not only to the general reader, but to the devout student of the Scriptures, it will, without doubt, prove a ready help.

Ginn & Heath, Boston, have published two additional volumes of Prof. Henry N. Hudson's SHAKESPEARE (the Harvard edition, vols. XVII and XVIII), containing the plays of "Macbeth" and "Othello," "Cymbeline" and "Coriolanus." To our Harvard edition, with its many excellences—neat binding, convenient size, beautiful and accurate typography, historical introductions and marginal and critical notes—the new volumes add a general use of the Shakespearian student or reader.

From the same publishers we have ELEMENTS OF ALGEBRA, by E. A. Wentworth, A. M., Professor of Mathematics in Phillips Exeter Academy. Price \$1.45. The aim of this elementary text-book in algebra has been to furnish a great number of examples for practice, but to exclude complicated problems that consume time and energy to little or no purpose. Particular regard is paid to brevity and perspicuity in expressing the definitions, and many examples have been worked out, in order to exhibit the best methods of dealing with different classes of problems and the best arrangement of the work. It is an excellent text-book in this branch of mathematical science.

REVISED ODD-FELLOWSHIP ILLUSTRATED. The Complete Revised Ritual of the Lodge and Encampment, and the Revised Degree, profusely illustrated. By President J. B. Thompson of Whigham College. 12mo, pp. 281. Chicago, Ill.: Ezra A. Cook, publisher. In addition to the ritual complete, including the signs, grips, passwords and symbols, fully illustrated, the book contains a history of the order, a critical analysis of each degree, and a critical information regarding the tenets and practices of the order in 117 foot-note quotations from standard Odd-fellow authors. If the book is authentic, as claimed, a person without joining the order, may obtain a fair knowledge of Odd-fellowship. Price, cloth \$1.00; paper, 50 cents.

N. Tibbals & Sons, New York, send out a little pamphlet, in paper covers, entitled INCIDENTS OF THE EARLY HISTORY OF METHODISM IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA, by Rev. A. C. Morehouse. Price 25 cents, including postage. This little book was prepared for the ladies of the Sing Sing Camp-meeting Jubilee on the occasion of the semi-centennial of the first Methodist preaching in America, and is filled with interesting facts relating to early Methodism, with numerous illustrations.

In the Franklin Square Library we have received THE BLACK SWEET, a temperance tale, by F. W. Robinson (10 cents); and RESEDA, by Mrs. Randolph (20 cents).

In the People's Library we have THE RUGG DOCUMENTS (2d and 3d series), by Clara Augusta; FATED TO MARRY, by Mrs. May Agnes Fleming; CAST UPON THE WORLD, by Chas. E. Perine;

A DARK INHERITANCE, by Mary C. Hay; HILARY'S FOLLY, by the author of "Dora Thorne"; and COVENANTS, by Heshia Strickton.

Magazines and Pamphlets.

The Contemporary Review, for August, opens with an article on "The Field of Conflict between Faith and Ignorance," by Rev. Prof. Plumtree. W. Hale writes interestingly of "Byron, Goethe and Mr. Matthew Arnold." Karl Bleiberg gives the first installment of "Scottish Shieland and Germania Way." The second paper on "Mr. Herbert Spencer's Philosophy and the Philosophy of Religion," is provided by Dr. A. M. Fairbairn. The remaining articles are: "The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," by M. F. Fane; "My Answer to Opponents," by Bence Jones; "Are Reformers Progressing under Mussulman Rule?" by Rev. M. A. Macmillan; "Ancient Egypt in Comparative Religion," by Rev. M. F. Fane; "A Russian Social-Pantheist Grammar," drawn up in London by Tondini de Quarenghi; closing with "Lawn Tennis and its Players," by Lieke, of London. Geo. Munro, 17 to 27 Vandewater St., New York.

The August fortnightly Review presents an inviting table of contents. Its opening article is by Matthew Arnold, "Irish Grammar Schools." "A Life of Voltaire," by George Saintsbury, is a paper of much interest. "The Moral Color of Rationalism," by Louise J. Bevington, follows. William Hazlitt Roberts discusses "Cooperation," and the first paper of "Cooperation," by John Ruskin, is given. "The Question in Europe" is continued by Sir R. Blennerhassett, M. P. This is followed by "The Moral Color of Rationalism," a Surrender of Principles, "Home and Foreign Affairs," discussed, and chapters XVIII to XX of Mrs. Alexander's "The Friends of this number. Geo. Munro, New York.

The Catholic World, for September, opens with a remarkable narrative by an editor under the name of "Tang." It recalls, in this number, some of the experiences of "One Hundred Years Ago." The story of "A Woman of Color," by John Tabbot Smith, is continued. The late Lady Blanche Mordaunt is interviewed in "Lady Mordaunt's Plays at the College of St. Omer." "The Opium Habit," by Ireland and the Irish, is by Rev. James P. Ryan, and articles bearing the titles, "A Sacred Subject," "The Social Position of the Salts," "Christian Journalism," "Plus Fifth," and "Lepanto," all contribute to make this a varied and interesting number.

Blackwood's, for August, is an entertaining number. First comes the opening chapter of "Uncle Z." "Hans and Hans," by Hans, is a suggestive and interesting story. "The Land of the Living," follows. Part X of "The Secretary" is given; also, Part III of "The Land of the Living." In the illustrations, No. 4, Edward Gibson is the subject. The last two articles are "Meinungen Company and the 'Old Stage,'" and "Designed in the Travel." There are two short poems in this number—"Buildings" and "The Lion's Den." Leonard Scott, Publishing Co., 41 Barclay Street, New York.

The Philological Magazine, for September, appears to be a readable and useful table of contents. There are many articles, besides notes in science, agriculture, editorial items, answers, correspondents, etc. The opening article is on "The History of the English Language," with portrait. "Imagination Connected with Science," "Scientific Comparative Phonology," "Poetry," "Ralph Waldo Emerson," "A Talk with Our Girls," are the titles of some of the other papers.

The Children's Museum, for September, appears to be a readable and useful table of contents. There are many articles, besides notes in science, agriculture, editorial items, answers, correspondents, etc. The opening article is on "The History of the English Language," with portrait. "Imagination Connected with Science," "Scientific Comparative Phonology," "Poetry," "Ralph Waldo Emerson," "A Talk with Our Girls," are the titles of some of the other papers.

The Monthly Cabinet, for September, has been received. This pamphlet devoted to illustrations of the monthly lessons for the month for teachers, preachers, superintendents, teachers, and others, is a very useful and interesting work. It contains many anecdotes and stories, and is very helpful to all teachers of the Sabbath school. \$1.00 per annum. Published by Howard Gannett, Boston.

The missionary magazines are crowded with information and encouragement. We have received the Missionary Review, for September-October, published at Princeton, N. J., presenting a very interesting table of contents. It gives the progress of missions among the heathen, and contains many interesting articles. It is published by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, and is a very useful and interesting work. \$1.00 per annum. Published by Howard Gannett, Boston.

Among the various pamphlets received, we have the Trustees' Report of the Boston Public Library for 1881, published by the Trustees of the City Hospital, Boston, with reports of the hospital and its various departments. It is a very useful and interesting work. \$1.00 per annum. Published by Howard Gannett, Boston.

New Music.—From Geo. D. Newhall & Co., Cincinnati, Ohio: My Sunbeam, Time, words by Alf. E. T. Watson, music by Geo. D. Newhall; Sadie, words by Alf. E. T. Watson, music by Geo. D. Newhall; A. Williams; Put a Stone at the Head of Mother's Grave, words and music by A. W. Wilson; Les Debut, on Commencement March, by J. C. McLaughlin.

The Sunday School.

THIRD QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Sunday, September 18.

I. Preliminary.

The lessons for the past quarter have been selected from the first thirty-two chapters of Exodus. The time occupied, so far as the perfect chronology enables one to judge, was about eighty-four years—from A. C. 1575 to B. C. 1191.

II. Analysis.

1. The topic of LESSON I (Exod. 1: 1-14) was "Israel in Egypt." The "seventy souls" have become so great that "the land is full of them." A new Pharaoh, "which knew not Joseph" (either Amosis or Rameses II) is on the throne. Perceiving the danger which might arise from the over-multiplication of the Israelites, who might successfully contest his sway or in case of war join his enemies, and appreciating the value of this alien but vigorous race if only they could be brought within control, he took counsel with his people and decided to compel them to render a tribute of labor. Taskmasters were appointed over them, and the treasure cities, or magazines, of Pharaoh and Rameses, on the Syrian border of Egypt, were monuments of their enforced toil. But the king's policy failed: "The more they afflicted them, the more they multiplied," whereupon the burdens were doubled, and the lives of the children of Israel embittered with "rigor and cruel bondage."

2. In LESSON II (Exod. 2: 1-5) we were introduced to "The Coming Deliverer." The last resort of Pharaoh was the edict of infanticide—the immediate death of all the male offspring of the Hebrews. To evade this cruel decree the mother of Moses deposited her child in a frail bark of papyrus and laid it in the flags of the river, where the daughter of Pharaoh discovered it, and touched by the beauty and tears of the helpless babe, whose race she immediately recognized, decided to adopt it as her own. Miriam's opportune suggestion that a Hebrew nurse be selected, resulted in the child being committed to the care of its own mother to whom the wages of a nurse were promised. In due time Moses was brought unto Pharaoh's daughter and "became her son," being trained thenceforward "in all the wisdom of the Egyptians." On reaching the age of forty an episode occurred which changed the entire future of his life. Going out to visit his brethren, he encountered one of the Egyptian taskmasters smiting an Israelite. Seeing no one near, he killed the oppressor and hid his body. But the next day, on attempting to interfere in a quarrel between two of his own people, his authority was indignantly rejected and the deed of the preceding day was dug in his teeth. Fearing the consequences, he fled to the land of Midian.

3. "The Call of Moses" was the subject of LESSON III (Exod. 3: 1-14). For forty years Moses abode in the wilderness, having married Zipporah, one of the daughters of Reuel, the priest of Midian. Meantime the enslaved Israelites cry out God because of their bondage, and God hears them. As Moses led his flock one day to the vicinity of Mt. Horeb, his attention was caught by a bush on fire but not consumed. Drawing near, his steps were arrested by a voice out of the bush calling him by name and bidding him remove his sandals because the ground was holy. Then the speaker announced himself as "the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob," declared that He had seen the affliction of His people in Egypt, and had chosen him to be His messenger to Pharaoh for their deliverance. On Moses pleading, first, his unworthiness, and second, the degradation of his countrymen who had probably forgotten the divine Name, God promised to go with him, gave him for a "token" the promise that the people now held in thrall should worship God upon this mountain, and communicated to him, as a credential, the august title, "I am that I am." "This," He declared, "is My name forever, and this is My memorial unto all generations."

4. The subject of LESSON IV (Exod. 4: 27 to 5: 4) was "Moses and Aaron." Other communications had been made to Moses than those recorded in the preceding lesson, among them the promise that Aaron should be appointed to be his "mouth." Moses takes up his journey to Egypt, but at Mt. Horeb is met by Aaron whom God had directed to go forth into the wilderness to meet him. Moses rehearses to his brother the divine call, and the authenticating "signs" of the rod changed to a serpent and the hand made leprous and then restored. They proceed to Egypt together, are thankfully received and accepted by their countrymen, and have an interview with Pharaoh. To their request, in Jehovah's name, for their people to go forth from Egypt to hold a sacred festival, the tyrant, with a disdainful allusion to the God of the Hebrews, refuses their suit, and contemptuously dismisses them with the order, "Get you to your burdens!"

5. "Moses and the Magicians" was the subject of LESSON V (Exod. 7: 8-17). In the second interview of Moses and Aaron with Pharaoh, miracles were appealed to. Aaron's rod was cast down and became a serpent, a change which was regarded by Pharaoh as merely a clever piece of jugglery. His magicians simulated the miracle, but Aaron's rod devoured theirs—a sufficiently convincing token to any one but an obstinate knave. As, however, he failed to be moved by it, the series of the "ten plagues" was inaugurated. Aaron was directed to choose his opportunity when the king went down to the banks of the Nile, and lift his rod over the sacred stream, whose waters would be instant-

ly changed into blood. Even this appalling visitation, which caused the death of the fish in the river and made its delicious waters putrid and repulsive, did not soften the king's heart or bend his will. The magicians accomplished a similar change and the king's heart was hardened.

6. In LESSON VI (Exod. 12: 1-14) we learned about the institution of "The Passover." The time was the Exodus, which was to result from the smiting of the first-born in Egypt from the palace to the dungeon. In the calendar it was to be henceforth "the beginning of months." For the festival each household was bidden to kill a lamb, "a male of the first year," kill it on the evening of the fourteenth day, smear "the two side-posts and lintel" of the door with the blood as a sign to the destroying angel to pass over that house on that night of death, and eat of the flesh of the lamb, "roast with fire," "with unleavened bread and bitter herbs"—none of it to be left over until morning, but the remnant not eaten to be burned. They were to "eat it in haste," with staff in hand and feet sandaled, and the festival was to go down "through the generations."

7. In LESSON VII (Exod. 14: 19-27) the topic was "The Red Sea." The pursuing Egyptians had caught up on the shores of the Red Sea. Hemmed in by the mountains, there seemed to be no way of escape. At God's command the potent rod was lifted over the waters which, rapidly receding, left a dry ford to the opposite bank. The mysterious pillar removed to the rear of the host, casting its beams forward upon the Israelites as they marched toward the sea on dry land, but interposing a towering wall of blackness to the Egyptians. As the pillar moved on the pursuers followed until they reached the midst of the sea, when the Lord "looked" on them from out the pillar. Trying to escape, the heavy chariot wheels sank in the mire, and amid the terror and confusion the rod of Moses was again uplifted, and the host of Israel, safe on the eastern shore, beheld the sea return in its strength, and engulf beneath its resistless waters their vindictive foes. "Not one of them was left alive."

8. In LESSON VIII (Exod. 16: 1-8) we had an account of "The Manna." On reaching the arid desert known as the Wilderness of Sin, the Israelites were dismayed to find their stock of food exhausted. Seeing no alternative but starvation, and forgetful utterly of God's special mercies to them in the past, they expressed bitter regrets to Moses that they had not fallen by the swift stroke which smote the Egyptian first-born, by the side of "the flesh-pots and amid the abundance of bread," rather than to have been led forth to whiten the desert with their bones. In this emergency God promised to rain from heaven a daily supply of bread for the people (a double portion to be gathered every sixth day), and also on that very evening to grant them a supply of quails, informing them, through Moses, that He had heard their murmurings, and would now "prove them" to see whether they would walk in His law or no.

9. "The Commandments" in part, were studied in LESSON IX (Exod. 20: 1-17). Encamped at the base of the sacred mount, and prepared by covenant and a three days' "sanctification" to hear what God the Lord would speak, amid the most sublime and terrifying portents, the "Ten Words" were uttered in their hearing. In the First Commandment Jehovah's sole and supreme Godhead was enforced; it forever excludes polytheism. In the Second, the nature of His worship was defined. No similitude was to be made, no idolatry practiced; for the "jealous" God will visit iniquity "even to the fourth generation." The Third Commandment hallow's God's name, and guards it from frivolous and irreverent uses; while the Fourth hallow's His day, requiring rest from work, even as God rested, on the seventh day, and including within the obligation the "cattle" and the "stranger" within our gates.

10. In LESSON X (Exod. 20: 21-23) the study of "The Commandments" was concluded. Taking up the duties between man and man, we learned of filial obligation in the Fifth Commandment, which, by its association of the "mother" with the "father," puts both parents on a parity as regards respect, and by its promise of length of days to obedient children stands first in the list of "commandments with promise." The sacredness of human life is guarded in the Sixth Commandment, which also forbids all those practices and feelings which menace or shorten life. The Seventh Commandment, in forbidding adultery, interdicts all unchastity in thought or act. The rights of property are guarded in the Eighth Commandment, which makes robbery a crime against God. The Ninth condemns all falseness between man and man—all perjury, slander and misrepresentation. In the Tenth the precept to "covet" not goes down to the very springs of action, and comprehensively forbids all neighborly wrongs.

11. The topic of LESSON XI (Exod. 32: 26-35) was "Idolatry Punished." During the forty days' absence of Moses on the mount, whether he had gone to receive the tables of stone and further precepts of the law, the people fell away into a terrible apostasy. They persuaded Aaron to make a golden calf, and worshipped it. Moses returned in the midst of the revel, dashed the tables of the law to the ground, overthrew and burned the idol, and then summoning the Levites, sent them through the camp to smite unsparingly all who persisted in their rebellion. About 3,000 of the people fell. The lesson concluded with his pathetic intercession to God that the people might be spared, even at the expense of his own erasure from God's book.

III. Questions.

1. From what Book and chapters were our lessons taken?
2. About what period of time was covered by them?
3. What led the Pharaoh to oppress the Israelites? What did he hope to accomplish by them?
4. What method did he use, and with what success?
5. Why did Moses' mother commit her child to the care of the Nile?
6. Who discovered him? What followed?
7. What advantage came to Moses in being the son of Pharaoh's daughter?
8. What caused his flight to the land of Midian?
9. Why did not the Israelites at that time receive Moses as their deliverer?
10. How long did Moses abide in the wilderness? Whom did he marry?
11. How did God reveal Himself to him, and where?
12. What did He commission Moses to do? What difficulties did Moses raise, and how were they met?
13. Who was associated with Moses in the proposed emancipation, and what relation was he to Aaron?
14. Where did the brothers meet, and what did Moses say to Aaron?
15. How were they received in Egypt by their people?
16. Describe their interview with Pharaoh, their request, and the way it was received.
17. Describe the second interview with Pharaoh. What miracle was wrought? How did Pharaoh regard it?
18. What did the magicians do?
19. What proof of the superiority of Aaron's rod was given?
20. Describe "the plague of blood."
21. What event did the Passover commemorate?
22. Describe the kind of lamb, its preparation, and the time and manner of eating it.
23. What was to be made of the blood?
24. Into what sacrament was the Passover merged?
25. To what peril were the Israelites exposed when they reached the Red Sea?
26. How did the Lord deliver them? Tell the story in detail.
27. Describe the overthrow of the Egyptians.
28. What alarming discovery did the Israelites make when they reached the Wilderness of Sin?
29. How did they behave in consequence?
30. What meretricious arrangement did God make to meet the emergency?
31. What spiritual purpose did He have in view?
32. Describe the circumstances and place of the giving of the Law.
33. What is the scope and meaning of the First Commandment?
34. What is forbidden in the Second? What warning and what encouragement does it contain?
35. Explain the Third Commandment.
36. What is the Fourth Commandment—its origin, sanctions, and present obligation?
37. Give the scope of the Fifth Commandment, and the promise connected with it.
38. What does the Sixth Commandment guard?
39. What does the Seventh forbid?
40. What is interdicted in the Eighth?
41. What is included in the prohibition against coveting, in the Tenth?
42. Into what apostasy did the people fall, and why?
43. What retribution did Moses exact?
44. Describe his mediatorial interview with God.

"LIKE A FEARFUL DREAM." "I have been so much better this summer," writes a lady who had used Compound Oxygen. "Every time I think of it I feel as if words would not express my pleasure or my thanks to you for what you have done for me. I shall never forget it. It seems like a fearful dream, when I think of two years ago. I dreaded to have night come, for I knew there was no rest for me, but that I must bear the pain and sickness as well as I could until another morning, which I dreaded to see, for I was so weak it seemed as if I could not see even my own family. Sometimes I wished I could stop breathing just to get a little rest. Now it is so different. I sleep good the most of the time, and am well content with what I was then." Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, containing large reports of cases and full information, sent free. Drs. STANLEY & PALEY, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate
Strengthens the system by quieting the nervous agitation.

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BOSTON MARKET.
WHOLESALE PRICES. SEPT. 8, 1881.

APPLES—\$2.00 @ 3.25 per bbl.
BANANAS—40c @ doz
BARLEY—\$1.11 @ 10 bush.
BEANS—\$1.00 @ 1.50 for extra small; \$1.15 @ 1.50 for choice family plates.
BEANS—Western and Northern Pa., \$3.00 @ 3.30 bush; medium range from \$2.50 @ 2.60.
BUTTER—18 @ 25c @ lb.
BUTTER—25c @ lb.
CABBAGES—\$6.00 @ 7.00 per 100.
CARROTS—25c @ lb.
CORNMEAL—\$1.00 @ 1.10 per 50 lb.
CORN—Mixed and Yellow, 75 @ 77c @ bush.
COFFEE—Mocha, 27c @ 27 1/2c @ lb.; Java, 15c @ 16c @ lb.; Rio, 9c @ 10c @ lb.; and Maracaibo, 11 @ 11 1/2c @ lb.
CHICKENS—Choice, 11 @ 11 1/2c @ lb.
CITRONS—18 @ 25c @ lb.
CUCUMBERS—25c @ lb.
CULINARYS—15 @ 25c @ lb.
GREEN CORN—15 @ 25c @ lb.
DRIED APPLES—3 @ 6 @ 12c @ lb.
DATES—31 @ 40c @ lb.
EGGS—17 @ 25c @ doz.
FISH—Western superior, \$5.00 @ 5.50 per 100 lb.; common extras, \$3.75 @ 4.25; Michigan, \$6.75 @ 7.00; St. Louis, \$7.00 @ 7.25 per 100 lb.
FISH—\$2.00 @ 2.50 @ lb.
FRESH PEAS—10 @ 15c @ lb.
GINGER—5 @ 6 @ lb.
HAY—Choice Eastern and Northern, \$19.00 @ 20.00 @ ton.
HAMS—11 @ 12 @ 12 1/2c @ lb. for city and Western.
HERRING—20 @ 25c @ box.
LARD—12 @ 14 @ lb.
LEMONS—\$7.00 @ 8.00 @ box.
MALLOW SQUASH—\$2.50 @ lb.
MCKENZIE—\$2.50 @ lb.
MIDLANDS—\$2.00 @ 2.10 @ lb.
MOLASSES—New Orleans, 55 @ 60c @ gal.; Porto Rico, 40 @ 50c @ gal.
MUSHROOMS—81 @ 87c @ lb.
OATMEAL—Choice, \$5.50 @ 6.00 per 50 lb.
ORANGES—\$5.00 @ 6.00 @ box.
ONIONS—\$3.00 @ lb.
PEACHES—15 @ 25c @ lb.
PEARS—Native, Bartlett, \$2.50 @ 3.00 @ lb.; Clapp's favorite, \$2.50 @ 3.00 @ lb.
PINEAPPLES—25c @ lb.
PEAS—3 @ 6 @ 12c @ lb.
POTATOES—14 @ 15 @ lb.
POTATOES—\$1.00 @ 1.25 @ lb. to quality.
POTATOES—Rose, 75c @ 75c @ bush, as to quality.
POULTRY—Choice, 18 @ 22c @ lb.
RYE FLOUR—\$6.00 @ 6.25 @ lb.
RYE—\$1.05 @ 1.10 @ lb.
RICE—Carolina, 5 @ 7 1/2c @ lb.
RICE—Louisiana, 5 @ 7 1/2c @ lb.
LONDON LARD—Muscovado, \$2.00 @ 2.25 @ box.
SHORTS—\$2.00 @ 3 @ ton.
SEEDS—Timothy, \$2.70 @ 3 @ bush; Red Top, \$2.10 @ 2.30 @ bush; Clover, 81 @ 91 @ lb. 1-c @ lb.
SWEET POTATOES—Red, \$1.00 @ lb.
TEAS—Japan, 16 @ 21c @ lb.; Hyson, 17 @ 25c @ lb.; Imperial, 20 @ 25c @ lb.; Gunpowder, 20 @ 25c @ lb.; Oolong, 15 @ 25c @ lb.
TOMATOES—\$1.00 @ 1.25 @ 100 bunches.
TOMATOES—Native, \$2.00 @ lb. case.
WATERMELONS—Choice, \$1.00 @ hundred.

LETTER FROM NEW HAMPSHIRE.

MR. EDITOR: New Hampshire is one of the original thirteen States, and the "Old Granite State" still is loyal. It is one of the best States in the Union for health and long life. I verily believe there are more elderly people in New Hampshire than in any other State. Many exceed fourscore years. It has the advantages of sea-shore, inland and mountain scenery—perhaps the best in the world. The land of southern New Hampshire is good, and the soil from three inches to three feet deep. The climate, in many respects, is unsurpassed. The farms and houses present an air of neatness and comfort, and instead of "going West," many might find a happy and prosperous home in this favored State.

I am visiting the town of East Kingston for a few weeks. It is a pleasant town, or village, as some call it. It is twelve miles from Rye and Hampton beaches. Several camp-meetings have been held here, and attendance is estimated at 20,000. Hedding camp-ground, at Epping, is now the place where the meeting is held, and still holds its reputation in the immense crowds which attend; it is a delightful place for such a gathering.

The Methodist Episcopal Church here, under the pastoral care of Rev. F. E. White, is in a harmonious and prosperous condition. A full house on the Sabbath greets him with true cordiality, and listens with due respect, as he plainly and earnestly unfolds to them the Scriptures. He is greatly assisted by an excellent choir. There is a pleasant Sabbath-school, in which the pastor and his wife are actively engaged.

It was my pleasure to attend the exercises of floral Sunday, on July 31. The pastor preached to the children in the morning, and in the afternoon the concert by the school was participated in by the adults as well as the children, and was much enjoyed by the large audience. Mr. E. A. Holmes, of Chelsea, and the writer, were called on, and made brief addresses. The floral display was unique, and among the best I have ever seen.

This church has been favored with the presence of Bishop Hedding and other eminent preachers—Broadhead, Pickering, "Reformation" John Adams, C. L. McCurdy and many others; the church was formed nearly seventy-five years ago. But a few rods from where I am writing, the father of Daniel Webster was born. Henry Villard has given the Oregon State University \$70,000 to relieve its indebtedness.

HUMAN BLOOD.

On the purity and vitality of the blood depend the vigor and health of the whole system. Disease of various kinds is often only the sign that nature is trying to remove the disturbing cause. A remedy that gives life and vigor to the blood, eradicates scrofula and other impurities from it, as Hood's Sarsaparilla undoubtedly does, must be the means of preventing many diseases that would occur without its use. Sold by dealers.

"LIKE A FEARFUL DREAM."

"I have been so much better this summer," writes a lady who had used Compound Oxygen. "Every time I think of it I feel as if words would not express my pleasure or my thanks to you for what you have done for me. I shall never forget it. It seems like a fearful dream, when I think of two years ago. I dreaded to have night come, for I knew there was no rest for me, but that I must bear the pain and sickness as well as I could until another morning, which I dreaded to see, for I was so weak it seemed as if I could not see even my own family. Sometimes I wished I could stop breathing just to get a little rest. Now it is so different. I sleep good the most of the time, and am well content with what I was then." Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, containing large reports of cases and full information, sent free. Drs. STANLEY & PALEY, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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BOSTON MARKET.
WHOLESALE PRICES. SEPT. 8, 1881.

APPLES—\$2.00 @ 3.25 per bbl.
BANANAS—40c @ doz
BARLEY—\$1.11 @ 10 bush.
BEANS—\$1.00 @ 1.50 for extra small; \$1.15 @ 1.50 for choice family plates.
BEANS—Western and Northern Pa., \$3.00 @ 3.30 bush; medium range from \$2.50 @ 2.60.
BUTTER—18 @ 25c @ lb.
BUTTER—25c @ lb.
CABBAGES—\$6.00 @ 7.00 per 100.
CARROTS—25c @ lb.
CORNMEAL—\$1.00 @ 1.10 per 50 lb.
CORN—Mixed and Yellow, 75 @ 77c @ bush.
COFFEE—Mocha, 27c @ 27 1/2c @ lb.; Java, 15c @ 16c @ lb.; Rio, 9c @ 10c @ lb.; and Maracaibo, 11 @ 11 1/2c @ lb.
CHICKENS—Choice, 11 @ 11 1/2c @ lb.
CITRONS—18 @ 25c @ lb.
CUCUMBERS—25c @ lb.
CULINARYS—15 @ 25c @ lb.
GREEN CORN—15 @ 25c @ lb.
DRIED APPLES—3 @ 6 @ 12c @ lb.
DATES—31 @ 40c @ lb.
EGGS—17 @ 25c @ doz.
FISH—Western superior, \$5.00 @ 5.50 per 100 lb.; common extras, \$3.75 @ 4.25; Michigan, \$6.75 @ 7.00; St. Louis, \$7.00 @ 7.25 per 100 lb.
FISH—\$2.00 @ 2.50 @ lb.
FRESH PEAS—10 @ 15c @ lb.
GINGER—5 @ 6 @ lb.
HAY—Choice Eastern and Northern, \$19.00 @ 20.00 @ ton.
HAMS—11 @ 12 @ 12 1/2c @ lb. for city and Western.
HERRING—20 @ 25c @ box.
LARD—12 @ 14 @ lb.
LEMONS—\$7.00 @ 8.00 @ box.
MALLOW SQUASH—\$2.50 @ lb.
MCKENZIE—\$2.50 @ lb.
MIDLANDS—\$2.00 @ 2.10 @ lb.
MOLASSES—New Orleans, 55 @ 60c @ gal.; Porto Rico, 40 @ 50c @ gal.
MUSHROOMS—81 @ 87c @ lb.
OATMEAL—Choice, \$5.50 @ 6.00 per 50 lb.
ORANGES—\$5.00 @ 6.00 @ box.
ONIONS—\$3.00 @ lb.
PEACHES—15 @ 25c @ lb.
PEARS—Native, Bartlett, \$2.50 @ 3.00 @ lb.; Clapp's favorite, \$2.50 @ 3.00 @ lb.
PINEAPPLES—25c @ lb.
PEAS—3 @ 6 @ 12c @ lb.
POTATOES—14 @ 15 @ lb.
POTATOES—\$1.00 @ 1.25 @ lb. to quality.
POTATOES—Rose, 75c @ 75c @ bush, as to quality.
POULTRY—Choice, 18 @ 22c @ lb.
RYE FLOUR—\$6.00 @ 6.25 @ lb.
RYE—\$1.05 @ 1.10 @ lb.
RICE—Carolina, 5 @ 7 1/2c @ lb.
RICE—Louisiana, 5 @ 7 1/2c @ lb.
LONDON LARD—Muscovado, \$2.00 @ 2.25 @ box.
SHORTS—\$2.00 @ 3 @ ton.
SEEDS—Timothy, \$2.70 @ 3 @ bush; Red Top, \$2.10 @ 2.30 @ bush; Clover, 81 @ 91 @ lb. 1-c @ lb.
SWEET POTATOES—Red, \$1.00 @ lb.
TEAS—Japan, 16 @ 21c @ lb.; Hyson, 17 @ 25c @ lb.; Imperial, 20 @ 25c @ lb.; Gunpowder, 20 @ 25c @ lb.; Oolong, 15 @ 25c @ lb.
TOMATOES—\$1.00 @ 1.25 @ 100 bunches.
TOMATOES—Native, \$2.00 @ lb. case.
WATERMELONS—Choice, \$1.00 @ hundred.

LETTER FROM NEW HAMPSHIRE.

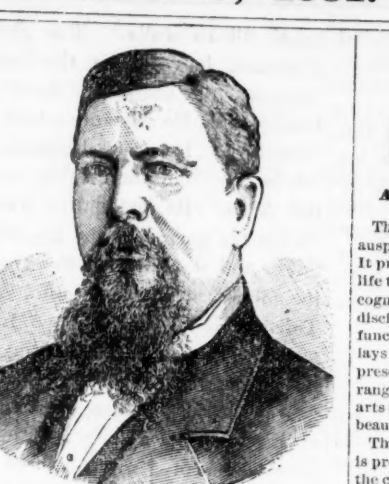
MR. EDITOR: New Hampshire is one of the original thirteen States, and the "Old Granite State" still is loyal. It is one of the best States in the Union for health and long life. I verily believe there are more elderly people in New Hampshire than in any other State. Many exceed fourscore years. It has the advantages of sea-shore, inland and mountain scenery—perhaps the best in the world. The land of southern New Hampshire is good, and the soil from three inches to three feet deep. The climate, in many respects, is unsurpassed. The farms and houses present an air of neatness and comfort, and instead of "going West," many might find a happy and prosperous home in this favored State.

I am visiting the town of East Kingston for a few weeks. It is a pleasant town, or village, as some call it. It is twelve miles from Rye and Hampton beaches. Several camp-meetings have been held here, and attendance is estimated at 20,000. Hedding camp-ground, at Epping, is now the place where the meeting is held, and still holds its reputation in the immense crowds which attend; it is a delightful place for such a gathering.

The Methodist Episcopal Church here, under the pastoral care of Rev. F. E. White, is in a harmonious and prosperous condition. A full house on the Sabbath greets him with true cordiality, and listens with due respect, as he plainly and earnestly unfolds to them the Scriptures. He is greatly assisted by an excellent choir. There is a pleasant Sabbath-school, in which the pastor and his wife are actively engaged.

It was my pleasure to attend the exercises of floral Sunday, on July 31. The pastor preached to the children in the morning, and in the afternoon the concert by the school was participated in by the adults as well as the children, and was much enjoyed by the large audience. Mr. E. A. Holmes, of Chelsea, and the writer, were called on, and made brief addresses. The floral display was unique, and among the best I have ever seen.

This church has been favored with the presence of Bishop Hedding and other eminent preachers—Broadhead, Pickering, "Reformation" John Adams, C. L. McCurdy and many others; the church was formed nearly seventy-five years ago. But a few rods from where I am writing, the father of Daniel Webster was born. Henry Villard has given the Oregon State University \$70,000 to relieve its indebtedness.



DR. C. W. BENSON, OF BALTIMORE, MD.

We give above a correct likeness of this well known and successful physician and surgeon. Diseases and the Diseases of the Skin, and he stands in the highest rank, as authority on those special and distressing diseases. In the course of his practice he discovered what are now removed in medical practice, viz: the combination of Calumy and Chamomile in the shape of Pills. They are used by the profession at large and constantly recommended by them.

It is not a patent medicine. It is the result of his own experience in practice. They are a sure cure for the following special diseases, and are worthy of a trial by all intelligent sufferers. They are prepared expressly to cure sick headache, nervous headache, dyspeptic headache, neuralgia, paralysis, sleeplessness, dyspepsia and nervousness, and will cure any case.

Sold by all druggists. Price, 75 cents a box. Depot, 106 North State St., Baltimore, Md. By mail, two boxes for \$1, or six boxes for \$2.50, to any address.

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SURPLUS, MASSACHUSETTS STANDARD, December 31, 1877.....\$77,269.53
" " 1878.....\$74,473.27
" " 1879.....\$250,950.73
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New Sunday-school Singing-book for 1881.

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— BY —
T. C. O'KANE,
OF
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"EVERY SABBATH," Etc.

REDEEMER'S PRAISE is designed for use in the Sunday-school, Church, and Family. It is edited with special reference to the growing demand among Sunday-school workers, Pastors, and Christian Parents, for Hymns, Songs, and Tunes, which shall render Sunday-school Service instructive and spiritual. The books of Professor O'Kane already before the public are deservedly popular, and have had a wide circulation, because of the merit of the Music, and the spiritual character of the Songs and Hymns.

Schools desiring a new book are requested to examine it.

22¢ SUNDAY SCHOOLS for a copy for examination. 100 pages, bound in boards, \$3.50 per dozen copies, \$25.00 per 100.

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to sell the new Family Knitting Machine ever invented. Will knit a pair of stockings with HIGGINS' and TOE complete, in 20 minutes. It will also knit a great variety of lace-work for which there is a Twombly Knitting Machine Co., 405 West 10th St., Boston, Mass.

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That no sacrifice of intellectual culture is involved, is proved by daughters of eminent name who are of the classical colleges who have prepared here.

The next year begins Sept. 15, 1881. It is desirable that those who expect to enter at that time make early engagements as the new building gives large space to increased facilities of instruction, and pupils' rooms are soon far.

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Prepares for College, Professional Schools, Business and Industrial Pursuits.

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ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE, BOSTON, MASS., AS SECOND CLASS MATTER.

ZION'S HERALD.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1881.

Those disciples who desire to be successful workers in the church, should give themselves to much prayer, remembering that "a good word with God in secret qualifies for a good work with man in society."

Chronic diseases are not usually cured by occasional administrations of medicine, but by the daily use of proper regimen and suitable remedies. In like manner must we treat sin, which is our constitutional disease. Daily prayer must be its regimen, abiding faith in the sacrificial blood its medicine, deeds of love to men its constant exercise. Thus treated, the disease will be killed and the soul be made pure.

The words of Jesus are the manna on which faith must feed, or starve to death. Hence that disciple who neglects to study the Holy Bible invites spiritual decay. Chrysostom told his people that the very aspect of the sacred volume makes us loth to sin. And if to this be added diligent reading, the soul, led as it were into the inmost sanctuary, will become cleansed and amended, God himself holding converse with it through the Scriptures. On the other hand, he who habitually neglects or carelessly reads the divine book, is sure to be afflicted with leanness of soul. Only those grow spiritually robust who feed deliciously on God's words.

When the face of the proto-martyr Stephen was illuminated as with angelic glory, it vividly proclaimed the power of the Holy Spirit to spiritualize the human body. An early father puts this idea of the power of the spirit over the flesh very finely when he says, "Christ did not merely extinguish the tyranny of sin, but elevated and spiritualized the flesh, which He did not by changing its nature, but rather by giving it wings. For just as when fire has been long beside iron, even the iron becomes fiery, though retaining the while its own nature. So the very flesh of those who believe and possess the Spirit, is changed at last into that kind of essence, becoming altogether spiritual, crucified in every part, and obtaining wings along with the Spirit."

An unregenerate man is a temple of sin. Sin is said in Scripture to "dwell" in him. A regenerate man is "the temple of the living God." Christ "dwells in his heart by faith." Both are habitations, but oh, for what vastly different guests! "The metaphor of habitation or indwelling," says Peter Martyr, "is taken from this circumstance—that they who inhabit a house, not only occupy it, but also govern in it and order all things in it at their own option." Hence the man in whom sin dwells, is governed by sin. Sin reigns over him. But he who is a "habitation of God through the Spirit," is ruled by the divine will. Sin does not dwell in him, because, as Arminius truly observes, "no man can be inhabited by both God and sin at the same time; and when Christ has overcome the strong man armed, he binds him hand and foot and casts him out, and thus occupies his house and dwells in it."

There is no moral poison more dangerous to the public than sentimental, unqualified admiration for literary celebrities whose lives were known to be stained with impure spots. By eulogizing such persons as virtuous, the popular conscience is demoralized, because trained thereby to view wrong as a mere peccadillo, to be tolerated and not condemned. A specimen of this species of poison is contained in a paper by a lady writer in the *Nineteenth Century*, for May, wherein the novelist, George Eliot, is called "the best of women, and the best of friends;" "is also designated "Mrs. Lewes;" and it is said of her that "precious as the writings of George Eliot are, her life and character were yet more beautiful than they." All this is affirmed in face of the notorious fact that after the death of Mr. Lewes, when this brilliant woman became the wife of another sutor, she signed her name in the marriage register as Marian Evans, thereby confessing that she never was Mrs. Lewes. Yet she had lived several years with that

gentleman, not as his lawful wife, but as his mistress, and knowing that he had a wife living. Hence Marian Evans was an adulteress; and we protest in the name of social purity against this and every other attempt to hide her great sin beneath the halo of her splendid genius. They who try to do this convict themselves of ethical perversity, a lack of that moral purity by which alone men can "perceive the divinity of things." "To see the gods we must become their peers."

"Evils of all sorts are more or less of kin, and do usually go together. Especially it is an old truth, that wherever huge physical evil is, there, as the parent and origin of it, has moral evil to a proportionate extent been." This is one of Carlyle's most pregnant sentences. It not merely expresses the Scriptural theory that physical evil sprang from moral misconduct, but it suggests the gospel method of healing physical evil by seeking the universal triumph of sound moral and spiritual principles. The latter, established by Christ's reign over each individual, would replace "the works of the flesh with the fruits of the spirit." Suppose Christ to be embodied in universal humanity, and you behold a world from which the works of the flesh are excluded, namely: "Adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, enmities, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, envyings, murders, drunkenness, revelings and such like." These vices with their brood of physical evils being dead, the earth would be no longer a vast lazaret-house, but almost a heaven. But suppose their places filled by the fruits of the Spirit—"love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, and temperance," what would life on earth then be but "heaven begun below?" How irrational, therefore, is the folly of a world which, though groaning with pain, hugs misery to its breast while despising the Christ who is learning to transform it into a paradise of peace and happiness.

OVER THE SEA.

The climate of Florence, or Firenze, as it is known by its natives, is delightful. Its skies have the matchless coloring that art cannot approach. The moonlight nights that we have enjoyed in walks along the Arno, cool almost as the seaside after a hot day, are indescribably beautiful. Then Florence is an exceptionally clean city. Its streets are regular, its houses in good condition, with palaces everywhere, and attractive villas with gardens around them. Near the city, on the banks of the Arno, is a very large and tastefully-arranged park, and all around the city are pleasant drives. On the heights upon the south side elegant public grounds have been laid out, which command the whole city. Florence itself lies upon level ground, but hills surround it on every side and the blue Apennines skirt the horizon in every direction. There is but little of the desperate indolence and poverty of Italian cities to be seen in the streets; but there is a business vigor and thrift apparent everywhere. The American consulate is kept busy here by mercantile transactions with the United States. An immense amount of straw goods is annually exported from this vicinity.

But art is the life of Florence. The city is the favorite resort of our young painters and sculptors. The home of Michael Angelo, and full of the wealth of his pencil and chisel, with some of the best works of the old and more modern masters, its very air is an education. Hiram Powers, having long been a resident here, lies in the beautiful English cemetery, and his son continues his labors and sustains his reputation in the familiar studio. There is always a large American colony here. Just at this hour they seek the Austrian Tyrol, or some portion of Switzerland, for the mountain breezes. Our minister to Italy, Hon. Mr. Marsh, finds, however, in one of its fair villas, a refreshing summer residence. You are always sure to find young painters among the rich treasures of the Pitti Palace, the Uffizi Gallery, or the Academy of Fine Arts. Here are the masterpieces of Raphael, wonderful illustrations of the genius of Michael Angelo, Fra Angelico, Perugino, the master of Raphael, and scores whose names have been made immortal by their imperishable works. In these collections, also, are rare classic sculptures, like the Venus de Medici, which Hiram Powers pronounced the finest statue in the world.

The churches of Florence are rich in works of art, and are, several of them, in themselves marvelous illustrations of architectural genius. Santa Croce is the great mausoleum or pantheon of Florentine genius. A few years ago a rich marble front was placed upon it, Pius IX laying the corner-stone. The foundation of the church was laid at the close of the thirteenth century, and it was restored and enlarged in the sixteenth. In it is the tomb of Michael Angelo, and monuments to Dante, Alfieri, Machiavelli, Galileo, and others of almost equal note, with fine paintings by Giotto, and striking sculptures by Bar-

tolini fill its walls. The glory of Florence, however, is the immense Duomo—the oldest and finest illustration of the Renaissance school of architecture. It is seen dominating the whole city from the heights south of the Arno. Its foundation was laid during the period of the Republic, in 1298, and it embodied the genius of its noblest artists—Arnolfo, Giotto, Talenti, Gaddi and Filippo Brunelleschi. The immense building, with its noble dome, which Michael Angelo proposed to place upon the roof of its lofty St. Peter's at Rome, is constructed of various-colored marbles on the outside, and is one of the few European structures the chief attraction of which is its exterior. It is not yet finished, but public contributions have been taken, and the work of completing its front is now to go rapidly forward. Adjoining is the Baptistery, an octagonal edifice, in the same florid and peculiar style of architecture, constructed at first out of a pagan temple that stood on the site. The most remarkable feature of it is its bronze doors. The designs of one of them, which stands opposite the Cathedral, were by Ghiberti, and Michael Angelo said of it that it was worthy of being the gate of Paradise. The Campanile, or bell-tower, built of the same varied colors of marble, is an object of universal admiration. It is light and graceful, and is about as near perfection as a work of human art can be. It was designed by Giotto, and is the best monument to his memory. The Medicean Chapel is simply a magnificent monument, rich in the most valuable marbles, and adorned with the finest frescoes and rich statuary (some of it by Michael Angelo) to the memory of the chief members of this great Florentine family. Their elegant tombs fill its sides. It is not completed, although commenced at the opening of the seventeenth century, and endowed with a large fund for this purpose. The money has been diverted from its intended purpose; but what matters it now to the proud pope and princes of this haughty line?

There are scores of churches that present some objects of artistic interest. Visitors are constantly walking along their halls, while services, attracting a few worshippers, are held, in singing tones, in the adjoining chapels. The worshippers (priests as well as laymen) eye with curious interest the passers-by while still upon their knees. Priests readily offer their services, for a few centimes, as guides to conduct visitors through the churches while services are going on. Some of the ornamentation of the chapels is surpassingly rich in gold, silver and precious stones; some is tawdry and disgusting in the extreme. It fills one's soul with horror and indignation to see what, after all explanations, is simply image worship with the masses (and evidently with the priests also) and to notice everywhere that hundreds of petitions are offered to Mary where one is offered to Christ or to the living and unseen God. In the church adjoining our hotel the dust of Amerigo Vespucci lies buried near its altar, and a slab on the opposite side of the street points out the former place of his residence.

But in many respects the most interesting spot in Florence is the Piazza della Signoria. Here, where now stands the celebrated Neptune fountain, was the site, in the public square, of the burning of that noble reformer—the real prophet of Florence—Savonarola. Adjoining is the Palazzo Vecchio, the palace of the Republic, the foundation of which was laid in 1298. In 1495 the immense hall in it was constructed at the request of Savonarola, when the whole city was really in his control, for the assembling of the great council. The building has since been the Parliament house, and is now the city hall.

We visited the English cemetery, which is in the pleasantest portion of the city, and is well kept, the gardener with his family living upon the grounds. We tarried awhile with sad emotions by the grave of Theodore Parker. We never read a more distressing termination to the life of a Christian pastor than that of Mr. Parker, as recorded by his biographer, the late Mr. Weiss. That throbbing and unconquered brain has long been quiet. His grave had been kindly cared for, and bore marks of affectionate consideration at the hand of some passing friend. On the main walk, conspicuous, tasteful and chaste, bearing only her well-known initials, "E. B. B."—Elizabeth Barrett Browning—is one of the best-known burial spots in the cemetery. It could be readily seen that often pilgrimages are made to this shrine. One of our ladies pressed in her note-book a beautiful little wild flower that blossomed above her dust. We rode by the house where she lived, with its street she immortalized in her imperishable song. "Grateful Florence" has placed a marble slab in its

front, commemorating her occupancy as the poet who so gracefully united science and verse. In the same ground are found the graves of Hiram Powers, of Hildreth, the historian, and many other American names. We drop a tear over these children of another shore—a land dear to ourselves—feeling all the more tender in our absence from home.

When we reached our hotel we found Rev. Theophilus Gay, B. D., the well-trained and devoted Methodist minister stationed in Florence. He gave us a very interesting and encouraging view of his work. We regretted not to have been present (not knowing of the service) at his church last evening. He says if we had come a few minutes late we should have found it difficult to have secured a seat. His place of worship, which is close to the famed Medicean Church, holds two hundred, and often two hundred and fifty crowd in. He feels great hope and confidence in the ultimate large success of the mission. The population of Florence is better educated, more respectable and thoughtful than other portions of Italy, and is more readily disposed to inquire after the truth.

May we be permitted to append, as a personal gratification, a word relating more largely to the editor himself than to his readers? Forty years ago to-day, in the city of Middletown, Conn., it pleased God to permit him to be united in the tenderest ties with one who has been the grace and joy of his life until the present hour. Such eras in these days are rare enough to be mentioned with prayerful gratitude. We take all our readers into our confidence, and ask them to unite with us in humble and grateful acknowledgments to the Giver of every good and perfect gift. Few lives have been happier. Would to God that they had been more useful!

Aug. 5.

Our hotel in Venice was upon the Grand Canal. Gondolas, with American flags floating over them (the only carriages in this city of the Adriatic), amid the chattering and shouting of the much-amused gondoliers, bore us from the station to our temporary resting-place. The funeral-looking gondola, sitting so lightly on the water, and managed so skillfully by the oarsman, who balances himself lightly upon his boat and throws his whole force, by a peculiar swing, upon his oar, had been made familiar to us by pictures and description. We had learned of the sumptuous law of the wise old Doge, who, finding that citizens were expending too much money upon the ornamentation of their boats, ordered their universal painting in black. And thus they are painted to-day, with few exceptions, some having more elegant curtains and cushions than others, with gilded interior ornaments.

But the elegant paintings of Venice, by Brown and others, and the cheaper photographic copies of scenes and sights in Venice, do not represent the everywhere noticeable marks of age upon the famous palaces and churches of this strange city. The wear of nearly a hundred centuries is upon some of them. The white marble has been blackened and broken by the breath of the ages. There is nothing new in Venice. Its more than a half hundred islands have all been long since built over. It was many years ago a "finished" city. Its wealthy Doges and merchant princes, in the days of its power and pride, with its banner, with the winged lion, dominated the seas, and its generals brought home the captured treasures of the cities they had subdued, piled up and filled its marvelous palaces and world-famed churches. There are no palaces built along its watery streets in modern times, but not a few of these venerable and rich structures are for sale. But Venice has still quite a commerce, and a number of large ships of war and passenger steamers are at all times in her very picturesque, island-studded harbor.

We had our breakfast in what is called the garden of the hotel. It is a stone quay, with the Grand Canal on one side, and a narrow side canal running by the entrance to the house on the other. Around it, in large tubs, are orange or lemon trees. As we eat, the gondolas are glancing by in every direction. A band of Italian musicians lands at the steps while we eat, and commences an extemporaneous concert. Just over the broad canal is the Custom House, and, at a little distance, a highly-ornamented church of Byzantine style of architecture. Altogether it is the most romantic experience that this company of "innocents abroad" has yet enjoyed.

The hotel opens on the land side upon the narrow street that leads to the famous Piazza San Marco. This noted square is 576 feet by 185, paved with large square blocks of stone. It has suites of palaces all around it,

save on the east side, where is the church. On the north and west sides is the old palace, now devoted to stores and public and private offices; on the south is the new palace, occupied by the royal family when in Venice. Margharita, Humbert's beautiful and popular queen, is at this time occupying the royal rooms. We saw the crown-prince—a fine, hearty-looking little fellow, in a sailor's rig—enjoying a trip upon the water in a handsome little steamer. On the east side is the venerable and famed San Marco, with its Oriental domes and spires and its Gothic additions, made in the fourteenth and seventeenth centuries. It was built in the eleventh century on the site of a church that had been burned, a hundred years older. It was adorned with the treasures stolen from the conquest of the Byzantine empire by the triumphant Venetians. Here are the famous bronze horses, standing over its high entrance, which Constantine first carried from Rome to Constantinople, and then were captured by Venice in the thirteenth century; stolen from her by Napoleon I, and taken to Paris in 1797, and were finally restored in 1815. In the adjoining Ducal Palace are doors and other ornaments taken from the Church of St. Sophia in Constantinople. The old church itself almost overwhelms you with its intrinsic grandeur and its historical association, as you stand beneath its lofty arches. Some few marks of restoration appear, but the uneven mosaic pavement, trodden hundreds of years ago by haughty Doges and a proud people, and its wonderful Scripture mosaics all over the vaulted ceiling, speak of the far-vanished past and fill the mind with wondering thoughts. The deep tones of the powerful organ and the effective chanting of the choir subdue the mind, however, with a sense of the divine Presence, older than all time, whose mighty Hand has overturned the kingdoms and crushed to dust the mightiest of earthly powers. The intoned Latin mass, which is going on while we remain in the church, the bowing before idolatrous crucifixes, the little apparent reverence of the body of worshippers, the shaking of the contribution box by a musty monk before the kneeling and standing audience, dispirit both the sense of grandeur arising from the scene and of reverent worship suggested by the venerable sanctuary of God. When will the breath of the Spirit awaken spiritual life out of these dry bones?

Adjoining San Marco, on one side, is a bell tower, with its curious automatic clock marking every five minutes and recording the time on its face, and striking twice, by two images, the hours as they pass. On the other side is the high campanile, and connected with the church is the grand Ducal Palace. We pass up the broad and famed marble stairway over which the rulers and senators of Venice, with the many foreign ambassadors that paid her court, were accustomed to reach her magnificent regal halls and galleries. No suite of royal rooms in any other portion of Europe impressed us more. In size they are grand; but their ornamentation by Tintoret, Titian, Paul Veronese and others, add greatly to their grandeur. Tintoret's immense painting of Paradise—the largest oil painting in the world—with eight hundred figures in it, covers one whole side of the great council chamber, and in other halls we find "The Descent from the Cross," and "Venice, Queen of the Sea," with Titian's famous Doge Grimani kneeling before Faith, and others almost equally noted in the history of art. We stood in the historical chamber of the august Council of Ten, and the more terrible room of the tribunal of three, whose summary judgments, upon testimony anonymously dropped into the still visible letter-box, if the adjoining dungeons could speak, would fill the hearer with horror. We passed the Bridge of Sighs, which leads from the Palace of the Doges to the prison (the outside of which has been made so familiar by description and picture), and visited the dark and unventilated cells which had been often the living graves of political and religious victims. The chief historical interest of Venice gathers around the place of St. Mark, although poetry at the hands of Shakespeare and his successors has invested hundreds of other scenes with a sentimental interest.

We enjoyed a rare and characteristic evening on the water. A company of some thirty skilled singers, with a string band and a lady soloist, occupied an illuminated boat. The tourists, with others drawn to the scene, in over fifty gondolas, formed around this band and floated with it down the Grand Canal to the Rialto—about two miles distant. Fireworks were burned and exploded as we started, and during the trip, at various

points. What was far better, the moon at its full was shining and silencing the motionless tide. There was a soft, cool air breathing upon us, which was very refreshing; while nothing is more soothing than the gliding of the gondola to the gentle music of the oar. The singing, as we floated along, was very fine, calling the residents of the palaces, all along the passage, to their windows. The enunciation, the absolute correctness as to time, and the spirit with which the songs were rendered, were all noticeable. The whole company crowded together under the immense arch of the Rialto, and here quite a concert was given, almost with the effect of having been heard in a hall. Altogether, it was an event that could only occur in Venice, and rarely even happens here. It will cling long both to the memories and imaginations of all who were present in the Grand Canal on that memorable 6th of August.

Although canals run to nearly every door, you can go all over Venice on foot, if you only know the way. An iron bridge of one arch, as well as the Rialto, which is a bridge of stores and forms a portion of the city market, crosses the Grand Canal. There are over one hundred and fifty side canals and three hundred and six bridges. The streets are narrow, and only intended, of course, for foot passengers. At one of the large islands in the harbor there are four horses, and this is all the facility for this form of locomotion that is provided. Everything comes by water. Every morning we see loaded boats, with all forms of farm produce and the wood, gliding along the canal, and, what is more significant of her situation, great flat boats, full of water, are pushed along from the main land, to meet the lack, in a dry time, of the rain water which is the usual supply for drinking and cooking. We have been strongly warned against its use, but thus far drink it with impunity. But our letter must close abruptly, as its limits are reached.

Editorial Items.

The President has had, on the whole, a comfortable week, with no recurrence of the unfavorable symptoms except on Saturday when he had two attacks of vomiting. The bulletins to-day (Monday) give occasion for no increased anxiety. The surgeons have decided to take the risk of removing their patient to Long Branch by rail, being convinced that the malarial influences of the capital are too depressing and hazardous for them to expect convalescence so long as the President is exposed to them. Arrangements are being perfected, at our time of writing, to convey him, with a little jar and publicity as possible, to the famous sanitarium by the sea. If he succeeds in reaching there without serious detriment, the confidence is generally expressed that new strength will come to him and his recovery be ensured. Gov. Hoyt's (of Pennsylvania) proclamation of a day of fasting and prayer on the 6th has received the concurrence of several of the governors, who have made similar appointments for their own States. So profound and universal, however, is the sympathy, and so constant are the supplications all over the land for the President's recovery, that special appointments seem hardly necessary.

The smoke of the French elections has cleared away, and the relative positions and strength of the contending parties are clearly defined. Imperialism and Bourbonism are pretty effectually disposed of. The Republic is established on a firmer basis than ever, and such measures as the Education laws, and possibly the *scrutin de liste*, will probably be carried without much opposition. M. Gambetta has now his opportunity. He can no longer rule France except as a member of the ministry, and President Grévy is quite ready to offer him the premiership as soon as M. Ferry encounters a hostile vote in the Chambers. His virtual defeat at Belleville is a significant warning that he can no longer play the role of irresponsible dictator, and change ministries at his pleasure. He must himself come to the front, or forfeit his political ascendancy. That he is willing to accept responsibility appears to be evident from the behavior of his friends.

It may be interesting to our readers to learn that some of the mummies lately discovered in Egypt are of too high a rank to have their bones and dust ground up to make "burnt sienna" for artists' use, and their cerements sent to the paper-mill. Thirty-nine mummies were lately found at Thebes, of which twenty-six have been fully identified as the veritable remains of personages who figured in the days of Israel in Egypt—among them, Kings Thothmes I, II, and III, Kings Rameses I, Seti I, and Rameses II, the last-named being the Sesotris of the Greeks, and believed by later Egyptologists to have been the Pharaoh who "refused to let the people go." These mummies are all in a state of remarkable preservation, most of them being shrouded in the celebrated Egyptian linen of which accounts have come down to us, unrivaled in its texture and fineness, while the cases in which they are deposited "are covered, within and without, with the most closely-written and delicately-penned inscriptions in olive green, yellow and orange." The face of King Amenhotep I is covered

with a lotus-wreathed mask of *poppe maché*, the eyes of which are of *poppe maché* and enameled. So fresh are the colors that it seems almost incredible that they were put on so many centuries ago. It is a startling thing to think that human eyes can look to-day upon the haughty features that Moses and Aaron gazed upon in their successive interviews, and upon lips that closed so firmly in refusal to obey the messages of Jehovah.

Rev. Dr. C. F. Deems was elected director of the American Tract Society a month or two ago. He did not feel free to accept the position. Certain difficulties had risen in his mind as to the general management of the institution—its injurious effect on private publishing interests by its power to sell at cheaper rates than they, a power sustained by the donations of the churches; its tendency to monopolize the religious book-trade, and thereby obstruct the expansion of religious literature; the publication of books and illustrated periodicals, whereas its name indicated that its purpose is for the distribution of tracts alone, etc., etc. He stated these difficulties in a frank letter to Dr. J. M. Stevenson, the corresponding secretary, who replied so cogently, covering every point, that Dr. Deems pressed himself perfectly satisfied and accepted the proffered honor. The correspondence has been published by the Society in tract form, under the title of "Inquiries Answered," and its reading will effectually dissipate any doubts that may be indulged as to the policy and success of the Society.

The thrifty and sagacious methodical in the English postal service are attracting considerable attention. Their system is more comprehensive than ours, including, besides the legitimate letter and newspaper transmission, the postal savings banks, and the management of the telegraphs. The magnitude of the work accomplished in a single year when looked at in aggregate, is simply astonishing, the figures in many cases being enormous. We quote a few from the last annual report: Letters delivered, over eleven hundred and seventy millions; postal cards, more than one hundred and twenty-three millions; newspapers, nearly one hundred and fifty-four millions; packages and circulars, nearly two hundred and fifty millions; registered letters, more than ten millions. Best of all, notwithstanding the cheapness of postage, the report shows a net profit to the government of over \$12,000,000. No mention is made in the report of star-route, or other swindles. Our conservative English cousins can teach us some excellent things, if we will only heed the lessons.

There are signs of a reaction against the Jewish persecutions in Europe. The cause of the Russian Jews has been espoused by leading citizens and residents in the French capital, and a fair lately held for their pecuniary relief netted over \$48,000. In Germany, while the agitation is still kept up by meetings of orthodox evangelical clergymen, and a popular anti-Jewish movement is being inaugurated by a blatant lawyer named Heurich, of the Denis Keatinge stripe, whose fulminations are attracting considerable attention, the government has taken a firm stand against further persecution, and the German minister of the interior has instructed the authorities to deal energetically in the case of any violence against the Jews, and to arrest promptly all persistent agitators. No doubt there is ground for the charge that the Jews throughout Prussia are hostile to Christianity, and, not being satisfied with enjoying equal rights with Christians, aim at an absolute predominance; but in such case, their self-assurance can be restricted by civil restraints, and there should be no appeal to mob-violence.

The appointment of Dr. Korum as Bishop of Treves, with the consent of Bismarck, terminates, for the present, the long struggle between the Pope and the chancellor. The remaining eleven episcopates will probably soon be filled; the numerous parishes will be supplied with priests; the ecclesiastical laws will be relaxed; Prussia will send a representative to the Vatican; and the peace thus restored will go on until some arrogant or independent movement on the part of the Church again breaks the harmony, and sends the hierarchy into exile. The present pacification is built upon a compromise. The German Catholics will vote for measures proposed by Bismarck, if he will, in turn, insure to them ecclesiastical freedom. The measures which Bismarck has at stake must be important indeed to allow him to consent to any arrangement which never renounces its claims of ascendancy over the State.

Miss Willard's nomination of the "Haystack" for re-christening as "Mt. Garfield" has been re-christened, we learn, by the selection of the town within whose precincts this symmetrical summit is located. It is now proposed to perpetuate the name of the beloved President by calling one of our most beautiful squares—the one in the vicinity of Trinity Church, the Art Museum and the New Old South—by his name, and erecting thereon a statue in his honor. One of our citizens has offered to subscribe \$500 towards the statue. Bostonians are in a generous mood for a movement of this kind just now.

France is having a hard time of it in her attempt to "colonize" Tunis. It will cost her years of fighting, and much blood and treasure, before the people of that province will submit to her rule. The Moslems are slow to excite, but once aroused, and inspired by their fanatical faith, which makes it a crime punishable with the fires of Gehenna to permit a country under Mohammedan rule

The Family.

TO MY WIFE.

[Written at sea, on board the steamship "Percy," July 31, 1881, by Rev. E. STEWART BEST.]
The long liquid leagues of the ocean
Lie rolling between us this day,
But my heart, filled with tender emotion,
To thy heart is no-thing away;
My darling, the sea it may sever,
And bear me away from thy side,
But with all its tumultuous endeavor
Our spirits it cannot divide.
O loved one! I'm lonesome and longing,
A speck on this tempest-tossed deep,
Westward I gaze on the gloaming,
Till the sun in the sea falls asleep;
In the wild waste of waters reflected,
There gleameth a glittering star,
Like thy love-lighted eye, 'tis directed
And shineth on me from afar.
I dream such sweet dreams of thee, darling;
O visions, bright visions, delay!
For with her communion in spirit,
The darkness is turned into day;
But the rude sea has shaken my pillow,
And all these fond fancies have fled,
The rush and the roar of the billow
Are all that remains in their stead.
O sea bird! descending and soaring,
Go, bear me one word o'er the main,
And swift on proud pinions returning,
Oh, bring me her message again;
But the sea bird, exulting in gladness,
His wild shriek his only refrain—
He knows not the sweet of love's sadness,
He knows not the bliss of his pain.
O ocean, so vast and so hoary,
Unmeasured from shore to shore,
When time hath recorded thy story,
In the land where the sea is no more,
There love in her fathomless fullness
And beauty and power shall endure;
There, darling, this brightness and sweetness
For us is eternally sure.

RESPONSIVE.

BY ELLEN T. H. HARVEY.

"The vocal lay responsive to the strings,"—*Vozz.*
Sitting on the piazza of one of the
leading hotels in Saratoga, the other
day—I may as well add, it was that
of our estimable friend, Dr. Strong—a
circumstance of minor importance
brought me into conversation with a
lady then unknown to me. It soon
appeared that we agreed in little save
in joining issue. This lady, who had
thus stimulated my *vis inertiae* in
this indolent locality, on a midsum-
mer noon, under an unbragging roof,
was a rather pleasing, handsome per-
son, of an erect port, becoming sil-
vered hair, with "the gray eye of a
dove," and a smile which assisted her
to say contrary things—perhaps I
should call them pious paradoxes—in
a manner at once charming and su-
perior.

This was one of her statements in
deduction from some remark of mine:
She did not believe we were bound to
consider others all the time, to deny
one's self every day and associate
with unengaged persons. And in
some way it came out, about here,
that she was descended from an old
Dutch family, and was not only "to
the manner born," but perpetuated in
full-blown prosperity.
To this, I fear, I took a not quite
humble pleasure in replying that I
found satisfaction, often instruction,
and always comfort, in visiting the
least attractive people, according to
ordinary standards of the world, in
every place where my travels led me.
I then cited my last visit of this kind
to an Indian of 105 years of age, at
Lake George, a respectable man,
who, with his family, are communi-
cants of the Presbyterian Church.
"You like these people because
you find something in them responsive
to yourself," she returned, with a
judicial tone. I understood her to
refer not only to the case in point,
but to my expressed general desire
of seeing and talking with almost
any kind of what is called plain peo-
ple of an exceptional type.

At the first blush, I confess that
this observation made me feel that I
had lost something. It struck a
nerve. The sensation corresponded,
in a way, to that which succeeds the
hitting of an elbow. The old Adam
stirred.
To this, I mentioned the pleasure
one seemed to confer when in the
exercise of the gift of sympathy with
persons whose conditions are not fa-
vorable to this kind of enjoyment.
Thereat, she overshadowed me with
citations of her benevolences,
including a twelve years' presidency
of the Old Ladies' Home in the city
of her residence.

Herbert Spencer strikes my nail on
the head when he says that every-
thing depends on the co-operating
emotions. I did not experience "the
co-operating emotions" necessary to
a full appreciation of her charities.
I have no doubt she is a very useful
woman, whose deeds shine like an
electric light in this naughty world.
Her words, which had jarred on my
sensibilities, had flowed from want of
thought rather than want of heart,
although she had mentioned her
excellent tact in the progress of con-
versation.

I am aware that the reader feels
little or no interest in this prefatory
mention of the difference of opinion
between two persons on a Saratoga

piazza. But this detour brings me
to the nub of my argument: Is it
worth while to be sympathetic with
what, under certain conditions, are
called unengaged people? Is it a
revelation of bad blood and poor cul-
ture to find in one's self a desire to
communicate, more or less, with un-
lettered and limited persons?

There is a great deal done for the
poor, the degraded, the unfortunate,
at present, all over the world of
Christian civilization. It is reck-
oned a post of honor for elect women
and conspicuous men to be the officers
of societies organized for the prom-
otion of systematic benevolence. But
is it a common thing for these men
and women to associate in any real,
familiar way with the beneficiaries of
their charities? Do they, like the
divine Healer, touch the recipients of
their alms, or allow these to touch
them with that unmatched love
which moves the heart?

"Something in yourself responsive
to such people," I repeated, later on,
in the reflections of solitude. Evi-
dently there was truth in what was
said, or I would not have found the
unwelcome coat such a fit. Had it
been false—this accusation of my
opponent—I could easily have turned
it into a humorous *reductio ad absurdum*,
and dismissed it from my mind
like a *bon mot*.

"Yes, yes!" put in mine invisible
foe, "this is what you get by your
swallowing all those long tales of ex-
perience from unlearned lips in un-
hallowed places."

At this moment my eye fell on that
little book called "Clarke's Promises,"
which I have found the best of travel-
ers' guides. I opened it and read,
"The Lord heareth the poor." Sure-
ly, too, He heareth their prayers, as I
have had occasion to prove in my own
behalf and in behalf of those dear to
me, for whom I have asked their
prayers. "But now he is comforted,
and thou art tormented." There will
be surprises in the next life, I am cer-
tain.

Is there not a blessing, like that
found in the cluster of which one saith,
"Destroy it not, for a blessing is in
it," in the reception of these experi-
ences of the poor and sorrowing,
the queer who have been made queer by
the divine power, as clay in the hands
of the potter?

"What are your motives in this
work or play, whichever you call it?"
persisted my unseen accuser; "And
wherein do they differ from those sup-
posed to govern the psycho-physiolo-
gist when he assists at the vivisection
of an animal?"

If my motives are mercenary, mere-
ly to get material to add to my stock
in trade, I am of all so-called humane
people the most miserable, or worthy
to be. Lord Shaftesbury says that,
"according as the dual number is
formed within us [alluding to his
postulate that we have each of us a
patient in ourselves], we were sup-
posed by the ancients to advance in
morals and true wisdom." Adam
Smith calls the other one in our nature
"the man within the breast." Moral
philosophers ordinarily simplify this
statement in one word, "conscience."
If we cultivate sympathy under the
spiritual laws of our regener-
ated nature, the outcome will be
proven to be something more than
the curiosity evolved by the vivisection
of a dog—in fact, something en-
tirely different.

I have, however, met people who
were professed teachers of the highest
form of Christian sympathy, called
"perfect love," in whom I found
nothing more responsive to my spiri-
tual wants than Mr. Spencer furnishes
in his "Data of Ethics" for the hun-
ger of the soul after the invisible
God—that is to say, nothing at all.
"The fault was in yourself. You
had not the co-operating emotions."

As I apprehend truth, it is the busi-
ness of sympathetic people who draw
their supplies from divine love and
wisdom, to awaken sympathy in every
one, and these succeed best and most
to the degree in which they do this
after the law of God, which reads,
"All things whatsoever ye would
that men should do to you, do ye even
so to them." There is a state of
mind which is responsive to the ideas
involved in those grand words, the
brotherhood of man.

"Perchance some fine conception rose in them
Of unity, of nature and of race,"

says Dr. Holland, in his "Marble
Prophecy." I understand there is a
state to which one can arrive in this
life, when he will find something in
himself that is responsive to every hu-
man being, in some one or more of
that being's needs. The nearer we
approximate to this state the truer do
we "put on Christ."

Dugald Stewart taught that "the
greater part of the pleasure which
sympathy yields is resolvable into that
which arises from the exercise of kind-
ness, and from the consciousness of
being beloved." The religion of
Christ goes farther than this. That

teaches us to be kind to our enemies
and to do good to the evil and the un-
thankful.

If I must sacrifice the one class in
order to retain the respect of the
other, I make no hesitation in not
choosing that whose representatives
in all ages have said: "Can there
any good thing come out of Naza-
reth?"

"ARISE, SHINE, FOR THY LIGHT HAS COME."

Long time in sloth, long time in sin,
Contented with thy dark estate,
Hast thou abode, oh, soul of mine;
Now dawn the morning, fair though late;
Her sunny tides are sweeping in,
Thy light has come, arise and shine!
The sheathed blade which all night long
Has folded close its purple up,
Upon the morning-glory vine,
At the first rose flush, the first song,
Unrolls its petals, rears its cup,
And, light being come, makes haste to
shine.

It cannot clasp the whole bright day,
Nor the wide-brimming sea of dew
Within its curve exact and line;
Of countless beams a single ray,
One little freshening sip or two
It takes, and so is glad to shine.

Make ready likewise, oh, my soul,
God's blessed day has dawned; partake!
Arouse thy head with oil and wine;
From the great sun, the mighty whole,
Thy little crumb and portion break,
And, giving thanks, arise and shine!
Susan Coolidge.

A COUNTRY RIDE.

BY MISS ANNA BEEDE.

On one of the pleasantest afternoons
this summer, a very happy party of us
started from Asbury Grove for a long
country ride. Driving on as far as Wen-
ham depot, we turned off on the Ham-
ilton road. Very soon we came to large
green fields, where cows were pasturing,
and right in the midst of these fields,
near the little village school house, we
found the residence of Gail Hamilton.
It is an old-fashioned farmhouse, re-
modeled. A pretty, rustic fence is in
front of it, and not a sound can be heard
all around but the rustle of trees, the
song of birds, and the pleasant hum
of insects. What a charming place for
meditation and writing! How pleasant
for this talented woman to return every
summer from exciting Washington life
to this old home of her ancestors! Very
likely many of her brightest and sharp-
est criticisms have been written here,
and we have no doubt many gifted men
and women have been pleasantly enter-
tained here.

Riding on a short distance, over roads
shaded by great trees, we reached Che-
beco Lake. It is impossible to describe
it. It lies in all its beauty down among
the hills. Just to look at it does one
good. We waited here to rest, and lis-
tened to the quiet of the place. There
is such a thing as listening to quietness
in nature, and one is repaid for doing so.
A sense of peace and rest comes over
one slowly, until all one's thoughts are
full of comfort and blessed contentment.
Thoreau speaks of going up on a high
hill to read a letter from one of his
friends, as he could appreciate it better
in such a place. We followed his ex-
ample, and read over a womanly letter
from a dear friend while we were wait-
ing by the lake. The descriptions of
nature and wise, loving counsel con-
tained in it, seemed far more full of
meaning as we read it amid such sur-
roundings.

From this attractive spot we rode
through dense woods for five miles. The
road was hardly wide enough for the
carriage. Sometimes we would pass by
the prettiest variety of wild flowers—
golden rod, yarrow, tansy, sweet-will-
dows; again, we would come to large
rocks covered with wild vines and moss-
es; and then we would pass under arches
made by the meeting of trees overhead.
The children of the party were in the
highest spirits, and thought they never
had enjoyed a ride so much.

At last we reached civilization again,
and rode into the old sleepy town of
Manchester. There is a small square in
the centre of the town where are the
churches, the town hall, and a few places
of business, but there is no bustle or
excitement. Out on the hills, by the sea,
is a fine summer hotel and many char-
ming homes. That genial, generous gen-
tleman, James T. Fields, so much mis-
sessed, owned a home there; so does Dr. Bar-
tol, and other men of note. All these
residences command a slightly view of the
sea, and are tastefully built.

Passing out from Manchester, we
drove through Beverly Farms. Here,
nearly every house seems to have been
built by men of wealth and taste. We
would like to describe some of them.
They are so attractive. There was one
—an old-fashioned, hospitable-looking
house, with large piazzas all around it—
which was so inviting looking we were
almost tempted to ask permission to en-
ter. On the piazza were the cosiest
chairs, hammocks, and beautiful plants.
The lawn was ornamented with choicest
trees, and the old barn completely cov-
ered with woodbine. Altogether it was
a very pleasant place, and we hope the
home life of the family living here is
equally pleasant.

Winding in and out through different
roads, we came in sight of the Chebeco
again at sunset. The lake was all golden,
and so were the hills. As we looked at
this sight, we remembered that all over
the country the day was done. How
much had happened in this one day!
How many had good actions had been
performed, and what evil ones—and the
record of the day had forever closed.

It usually happens that a party start-
ing off in gay spirits, after riding several
hours, are quiet on the way home. It
was so with us. As we rode homeward
we became as quiet as the roads over
which we traveled. We thought over the
pleasant summer we had been enjoying.
We recalled some books we had read.
Whittier's "Songs of Three Centuries"
furnished us many times of enjoyment.

There is that bright little poem by Ste-
dman—"The Doorstep;" Emerson's
"Each and All;" Browning's "Evelyn
Hope;" Mrs. Browning's wonderful
poem, "Cower's Grave;" and that
sweet, helpful hymn, "God Knoweth,"
and others we might mention. Of how
much interest had they been to us! Then
we called to mind some of our walks,
especially one morning walk, when out
among the broad fields and high hills
we offered our morning prayer to God.
What a time of blessing that was! And
so, thinking, and watching the scenery,
we rode on until we reached our home
on the camp-ground.

We sometimes think perhaps the great-
est pleasures of such a ride as this are
the impressions that remain after we re-
turn home to the city. Again and again
a vision comes to us of the lake, the
hills, the farmhouses, and all the charm-
ing scenery. And we thank God at such
times for the privilege of seeing His
handiwork in nature, and are led to
praise Him for creating so much beauty.

LEE MISSION CEMETERY.

The Resting-place of Bishop Haven.
The glory of the dying sun is all
around me—touching with radiance
the western sky, coloring the white
crest of Mount Hood with a crimson
glow, brightening the sombre green of
fir and hemlock, resting with departing
beauty upon the grave of a great-hearted
man.

The hands that for many years have
wielded the pen, are folded above the
loving heart that has ceased forever to
throb; the brain that has labored so
many years for humanity, gathering in
and giving out its stores, is quiet at
last.

The August twilight falls deeper and
deeper. The white stars twinkle
through the distant trees, snowy flecks
of cloud are touching the blue sky
above, and, while I watch, the harvest
moon climbs slowly to her throne in the
arch above. Care has folded her wings,
and the eternal peace of God is watch-
ing by his side. The summer winds
bend the flowers down to kiss the sod
above him, the dew sends down their
loving benediction, the gentle rains of
heaven below the spot. So, as I linger,
the veil that divides the earthly from
the heavenly seems drawn away, and I
see him standing in the strong white
light of eternity, learning the divine
lessons which the puny, straining minds
of earth can never reach; and I feel in
the depths of my sorrowing soul that
the universe of God is full of wisdom,
and that the Father, loving and first,
will care for His own.

I know that the dying glory of this
man flung a radiance that will linger
long upon the heads and around the
hearts of those who saw it; and while
my feet turn lingeringly away, I leave
him to rest with those old missionaries
who fought the good fight and con-
quered. Let the darkness gather and
deepen until every grave on this hillside
so far from his home shall be hidden
from sight; let the snows of heaven
fall and the stormy winds of winter
whistle over them; piercing the veil
that hides us from the beyond, we
know that the love of God shall com-
pass His own when the heavens are
wrapped together as a scroll.

Salem, Oregon, Aug. 15. RAY.

A SUMMER DAY.

Over the fields the daisies lie
With the buttercup under the azure sky;
Shadow and sunshine side by side
Are chasing each other o'er meadows wide;
While the warm, sweet breath of the summer
Is filled with the perfume of blossoms fair.

Ferns and grasses and wild vines grow
Close where the waters ripple and flow,
And the merry zephyrs the livelong day
Wave and wave and wave and wave;
And birds are winging their happy flight
'Midst all things beautiful, free and bright.

Sarah was startled, the new name
seemed so sweet.
"I see now," she thought, "Eben is
right. It is mother love and care the
child needs and shall have."
Mrs. Ruthford kept her resolution.
She did not, could not, at once feel the
intense devotion of a mother. But she
was no longer content with feeding and
clothing her charge. She tried to sat-
isfy the lingering and thirsting for affec-
tion which she had learned to meet and
recognize. She sought Jenny's happi-
ness, and in due time she had her re-
ward. Love in her own heart, grateful
love in her child's, strengthened day by
day, Jenny grew gradually happier,
till her laugh and song rang out as mor-
rily as Eben wished. And her presence
seemed like sunlight in their home.

And when a year had passed, neither of
the worthy couple would any more have
thought of parting with her than if she
had been theirs by birth. They knew
no difference in the home tie.
"It all dates back," said Sarah to her
husband, as they sat talking one evening
after Jenny went to bed, "all this hap-
piness dates back to that first saucer
pie. Jenny seemed from that time to
believe I loved her."—*Christian Register.*

Eben laid down his knife and fork,
pushed back his plate, and looking
through the open door, to catch a
glimpse of pink gingham flitting around
the corner, answered slowly,
"I like her right well; think, if you're
satisfied, we'd best keep her. She is
bright and willing and truthful."
"And a quiet little thing," put in his
wife.

"Yes; don't know but I'd as leave
she wouldn't be so quiet, though. I'll
tell you, Sarah, I'm sort o' longing for
a child's laugh rippling out at anything
or nothing. I'd like to see her dancing
about, and singing to herself, chattering
like a magpie, and all that sort o' thing.
I've tried to please her. I've told her
stories, and taken her round on the farm
with me, and let her ride on Charlie's
back to the brook; and she likes it all,
in a quiet sort of way. But she doesn't
seem downright happy and merry, as
it's a child's right to be."

"Oh, well, I guess she's contented
enough, plenty to eat and wear, and
kindly treated. I'd rather she'd be
quiet than like Mrs. Dorrit's little Nelly
over the way, climbing trees and riding
fences, and singing and shouting from
morning till night."

Meantime, Jenny was sitting on a
rock by the brook, laying her bare,
white feet, and saying to herself,—

"Now, if I thought she'd care anything
about them, I'd get her some of those
great blue flowers—they're beauties,"
looking at the clusters of the iris. "I'd
as leave wade in as not. But I suppose
she'd say, 'Yes, yes, child, very pretty,
but don't clutter the floor with them,'
and keep on tying up her curtains or 'rang-
ling her closets. Mamma always liked
them so much. Oh, mamma!" And the
little figure lay prone on the grass,
trembling and sobbing.

"Mamma! Oh, mamma, I want you!
She's kind to me, but there's nobody
like mamma."
"Poor child! Poor child!"

It was Eben's voice, but tender and
quivering form, and laid her head on
his shoulder.
"There, there, dear, don't cry. Want
to go to mill with me? You shall have
the reins yourself, and drive, if you
like."

A few words from Eben that night set
Sarah thinking; and the new thoughts
that came to her were strengthened
next day in a neighbor's kitchen. She
had "run in" on an errand, and found
"Aunt Martha," as she was called in
neighborhood parlance, making pies.
She stood by her rolling-board, with
sleeves rolled up, and wide gingham
apron on, the picture of a healthy,
heartily, blithe old lady. Half a dozen
pies, with rich, golden centres, stood
by her side. Half a dozen apples, pre-
pared for the oven, were already brown-
ing in the oven. She had a little crust
left. She rolled it out in a couple of saucers,
filled the centres round and plump, with
the juicy, spiced apples, and daintily
trimmed the edges.

"Do you make saucer-pies, auntie?"
asked Mrs. Ruthford, in some surprise.
"Yes, every baking. Why not?"
said auntie.

"Well, when the children are not at
home to eat them, it seems hardly worth
while. It is easier to put all in one
large pie, and tastes just the same, you
know."

"Oh, yes; but some child is so apt
to happen along on an errand or some-
thing. A saucer-pie is a great thing to
have. I've made them for years, and
found use for them. It more than pays
for the work to see the little folks so
pleased. You know, dear," the old
lady added gently, "the time that trifles
with a child's pleasure is so short, it passes
by before we are aware. Sometimes,
I think it is only childhood that is con-
tent with daily bread."

"I'll make a saucer-pie for Jenny
next time I bake," said Mrs. Ruthford
to herself, as she went home. "Strange
I never thought of it before. I'll—let
me see—I'll dress her dolly new for
her. It's quite shabby. And I'll keep
her with me more, and tell her stories
maybe. Maybe it is just the little
things mothers do that she wants to
think her up."

The next morning, Mrs. Ruthford con-
cluded it was time to have some pies,
and she went to work with a will. When
the baking was done, a dainty saucer-
pie sagged on top, and plump with
ripe, sweet berries, stood on the dress-
er.
"Here's something for you, dear,"
she said, as Jenny came in with quiet
footfall, and she placed the little pie in
the child's hands. Jenny's face flushed,
her eyes lighted up, and then to Sarah's
surprise grew dim with tears, and the
sensitive mouth quivered; but only for
a moment.

"Thank you, thank you!" she said
eagerly. "It's just like the little pie
mamma used to make for me."

"Ah! that's it," thought Sarah. "Eben
is right. It is mother love and care the
child needs and shall have." And she
drew the little girl to her side and kissed her.
The dimpled arms were round her neck in
an instant, and the kiss returned, and
through the day Jenny seemed to feel
happier and more at home.

Bedtime came, and Jenny, nestling in
the white pillow, looked up with won-
dering eyes as Mrs. Ruthford sat down
on the side of the bed, and taking the
little hands in hers, said, kindly, "Shall
I tell you a story, dear?"

She listened with eager interest to the
story of the Highland shepherd's child,
lost in the mountain mist, and guarded
and fed by his faithful dog. And when
Mrs. Ruthford had finished, and kissed
her, the white arms again wound impul-
sively around her neck, and Jenny said,
for the first time, "Good night, mam-
ma!"

Sarah was startled, the new name
seemed so sweet.

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right. It is mother love and care the
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enough, plenty to eat and wear, and
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over the way, climbing trees and riding
fences, and singing and shouting from
morning till night."

Meantime, Jenny was sitting on a
rock by the brook, laying her bare,
white feet, and saying to herself,—

"Why not be your own dressmaker?"
"We have to eat baker's cake," said
Marianne. "Mamma says she has no
time to make it for such a family."
Why not make the cake yourself?
Mother's daughter should relieve her
of such cares.
O girls, whatever else you do, don't go
through life with helpless hands. Hands
should be instruments to serve our
needs, not useless ornaments to hang
rings upon.

SIXTEEN AND SIXTY.

Oh, grandma sits in her oaken chair,
And in flies fleecy with tangled hair;
"I'm going to be married! Ha! ha! ha!
ha!"

Oh, grandma smooths out her apron string;
"Do you know, my dear, 'tis a solemn
thing!"

"'Tis a solemn matter, to grandmamma."
"I'm going to be married! Ha! ha! ha!
ha!"

The grandma looks through her sixty
And sums up a woman's hopes and fears;
Six of 'em living and two of 'em dead;
Grandpa helpless and tied to his bed.

Nowhere to live when the house burned
down;
Years of fighting with old Mother Brown;
Stockings to darn and bread to bake,
Dishes to wash and dresses to make.

But then the music of pattering feet,
Grandpa's kisses so fond and sweet,
Song and prattle the livelong day,
Joy and kisses and love away.

Oh, grandma smooths out her apron string,
And gazes down at her wedding ring;
And still she smiles, as she drops a tear:
"This solemn matter, to Yes, my dear."

—Selected.

For Young and Old.

Bits of Fun.
.... A fruit-dealer advertises peaches by
the basket, every basket warranted, but is
wisely silent about the peaches.

.... Strange impertinence: Pastor: "Yes,
Mrs. Brown. Taking into consideration the
fact that the Smiths hardly ever pay their
rents, it is strangely bold of them to put
sing so loudly and throw such unctious in-
terprayers." Mrs. Brown: "Quite too
terribly shocking!"

.... Jones and his wife were always quar-
reling about their comparative talent for keep-
ing a fire. She insisted that just as surely as
he attempted to rearrange the sticks with the
tongs he put the fire out. One night the church
bells sounded an alarm. Jones springing for
his fire bucket, eager to rush to the conflagration,
"Mr. Jones," cried his wife, as he reached the
door, "Mr. Jones, take the tongs!"

.... "What!" said a young lady to a sister
companion, "you are not going to marry that
tall, lean, slender, consumptive stricken fel-
low, are you?" "Yes, she is," volunteered
the young lady's little brother, looking up
from his broken cart-wheel, "she's going to
marry him, and there's a man in a carpet
stretcher."

.... Scene in a horse car. Seats all occu-
pied. Enters a person dressed as a lady.
Bright little boy rises and offers his seat. Lady
drops into it with an air of slight disdain.
Boy: "O! I beg your pardon, did you
speak?" Lady: "No, I didn't say anything."

Boy: "O! excuse me, I thought you said
"thank you." Lady (in high dudgeon):
"You may have your seat." Boy (reassuming
his): "Well, I'll thank you." Passengers con-
vulsed. Lady disappears at next street cross-
ing.

.... A servant girl wrote from New York
to her

